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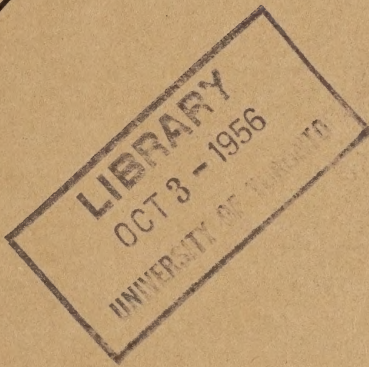
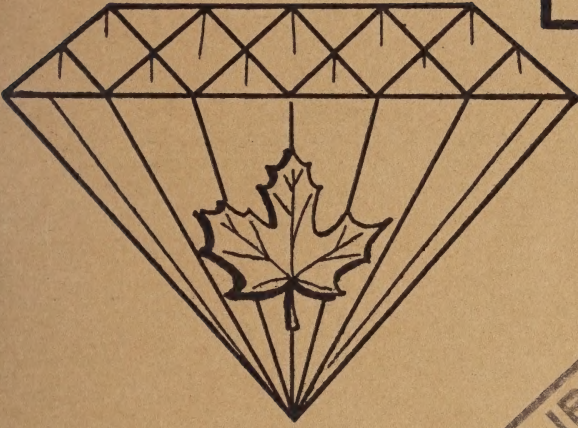
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*It's Still You!*

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**THE DIAMOND**  
Collin's Bay, Ontario, Canada.  
(Mailing Address: Box 190, Kingston,  
Ontario, Canada)

**FOUNDED A.D. MCMLI**

**MOTTO: PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE.**

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Uncredited items have been composed by the Editor. Except for quotations, all material in this magazine is written exclusively by prisoners.

## **— PLATFORM —**

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.
2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.
3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.
4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.
5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

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COLLIN'S BAY  
DIAMOND  
SEPT.

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

.... A Philosopher

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

(Roman Catholic)

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Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

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Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

.... A Philosopher

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# EDITORIAL...

**S**PAIN, to many Canadians, is a glamorous, distant country, much like a dormant volcano politically, but despite all else people may say about Spain, they invariably end up by remarking "how frightfully backward she is."

Penologically, Spain is far in advance of anything we have on our continent. Their penitentiaries use a principle of "paying off the penalty by work." Rewards for work are twofold: money, some of which can be sent to an inmate's family; and reductions of time. Any effort that suggests an effort toward rehabilitation, such as taking courses in the prison school or a vocational course, is considered in granting "conditional freedom" or parole, as we term it. And even the voluntary giving of blood may be counted as a sign of rehabilitation. In 1953, three fifths of all cases reviewed for parole were granted with the aid of this paying-by-work policy.

Much of Spain's penological advance can be attributed to Dom Manuel de Montesinos y Molina who, as early as 1835, began to allow third time off a sentence for good behaviour. At present, more than this proportion can be 'redeemed' from the original sentence, making it somewhat indeterminate. One of Don Montesino's shrewd observations was: "The prison only receives the man—the crime remains at the door."

Twenty miles east of Madrid there is a prison for men, its name is Alcala de Heneras, and it can be used as a shining example of how this system works out. In the print shop and bindery there are one hundred and seventy prisoners employed: forty-five in the carpentry shop: twenty-six in the shoe shop: nineteen on the thirteen acre farm. The monthly pay for the men working in the shops ranges from \$2.00 to \$19.00. Prisoners begin as students and work for six months in this category for the print shop and may progress through the ranks of apprentice, assistant, workman, to maestro. Pay increases with extra hours worked, and output. Privileges also increase with each stage. With work a man may achieve "conditional freedom" after one half of the sentence is served: without work he must serve all but one quarter of the sentence. Please bear in mind that the monthly pay to prisoners is increased by reason of MERIT — not length of time served.

Orders for the produce of the shoe shop at Alcala come from as far away as Denmark, and these orders come through a Spanish merchant. The carpentry shop makes, among other things, hand carved furniture. And the print shop makes up books for private parties, complicated medical manuals, advertisements and even novels.

The Colonia Penitenciaria del Dueso Santonia is another institution noted for industry. This prison is thirty miles from Santander, located on a hillside overlooking the Bay of Biscay. This is a walled penal colony and within the walls is an old cellular prison, a dormitory built fourteen years ago by the inmates, and a small farm. Tomatoes are raised here and canned, and a large flock of hens are kept for their eggs. The population is eight hundred and fourteen men, of which only two hundred are confined in cells. An unusual classification feature of this colony is a separate dormitory for men over the age of sixty. These men are given a special diet and a different routine from the younger men.

At Dueso there is a well equipped machine shop — here they manufacture sewing machines and beds for other institutions. There is also a carpentry shop and a basket factory. Baskets are woven here and are assembled with picture-painted side boards for sale on the open market.

One example is of a young Frenchman, a man with one year of engineering school behind him. He was passing through Spain in an effort to join General de Gaulle's forces in England. While in Spain he committed an armed robbery and was given a thirty-year sentence. He had served eleven years and had two more to go. As inmate maestro in charge of the machine shop, he received a thousand pesetas a month — or twenty-five dollars in Canadian money. (Please bear in mind also that a dollar goes much farther in Spain than here.) He had been in plenty of trouble in other prisons in Spain — fomenting riots, attempts to escape, etc., but since his transfer to Dueso, his conduct has been excellent. When he gains his conditional freedom he must remain a further four years in Spain and may bring his wife and child to live with him. In fact he has even been invited to join the civilian staff of the prison during his parole period.



Mexico uses a similar plan although she is no longer a possession of Spain, and her penitentiary system carries many of the characteristics of the Spanish prison system. Mothers in Spain are permitted to keep their children with them up to the age of six. This has proved beneficial to both the mother and the child.

So there we are — the way two countries have successfully handled a difficult and ever present problem. From figures we have seen it has proved a very efficient and successful method. Next time someone remarks on how backward Spain is, just show them this article. The land of manana is doing this-TODAY.

## Changes and Life

Bill Huddlestone

THE other day, while listening to the radio, I heard a song that carried me back to 1940. This song, so long absent from the modern world, sent my thoughts whirling back over the years and I found myself a kid again, playing football in Lawrence Park. To many these were the bad years — the war was in full swing and many a mother and sweetheart knew the pains of losing a loved one. As for me — I knew there was a war but it was far away in another world — my world was here in Toronto. And during these years filled with strife I was a happy-go-lucky kid who spent his time at the Jolly Miller swimming pool in Hog's Hollow or exploring the bush behind Ranleigh Park. Life was taken for granted and as any other kid, I enjoyed it to the fullest.

Since then many things have happened — the great war has ended and new ones have flared up, bringing the ugly news to the front pages of newspapers all over the world. Then, as quickly as they started, they have ended, leaving the world once more in a state of temporary calm.

The kids I used to play with have since taken their places in the world of grown-ups — some are doctors, some are lawyers, some are just plain men — men who have grown with the world, the changing world.

A lot of us today — as I did when I was a boy — take all these changes for granted. We watch our own city change and never realize it is happening. I remember well the old trolley cars that for so many years rattled up

and down North Yonge Street from the city limits to Richmond Hill — their long bumpers projecting from either end: Bayview Avenue with its fields and trees: when there was nothing north of the East General Hospital but fields and bush, each boasting many fortresses built by the kids who fought their own wars there every day. But it's all gone now — the old trolley has been replaced by a new electric bus that moves as quietly as a night breeze, the fields near Bayview have been filled with elegant houses and a giant hospital. The barrens of East York are now great shopping centres and still, with all of this, the world continues to change.

The colourful old street cars on Yonge St., in the city, have been replaced by an Underground that will deliver you downtown in a matter of a few minutes, and the great powers of the world are preparing for another bloody war, a war that might well spell doom to all our changes. You know it, and I know it, but there are those who DON'T know it. There are those who will continue to play football in the park and they shall, as we did, spend many happy hours exploring Taylor's Bush or scouring the Don Valley in search of an imaginary enemy, taking life for granted, trusting the ones who have gone ahead to run the world, unaware of the fact that the pressing of a button could send a sheet of flame belching forth from the earth that could end their world — and our world — ALL worlds!

It says in the Bible "the earth shall end in fire" — could it be that we are drawing near to this time? But then again, who cares? We can just carry on as before, making our changes and taking life for granted, and every once in a while a song will catch our ear and send us back over the years. We will think a while, shrug, then continue to make our changes until the day comes when we board the Glory Train for a new, unchanging world.



# OPEN PRISONS

UNTIL such time as a new or wonder cure comes along to prevent crime, there will be prisons, jails and penitentiaries. With this a fact, all we can possibly hope for is an improvement in the means used to store men away from society for the length of time the courts rule they must serve as punishment for their crime or crimes.

At the present time, with the overcrowding of Canadian penitentiaries and the high cost of building penitentiaries, there appears but one remedy—open prisons.

This type of prison has been successfully used for a number of years in other countries, the Philippine Islands, 1904, Australia in 1941, the United States, Greece and Switzerland in 1930. And many other countries have started work on unwalled institutions. This could well be the answer to the overcrowding that our penitentiaries in Canada today suffer from.

The recent Fauteux Commission report made many suggestions as to the care and treatment of offenders: the low cost of building and operating unwalled institutions would allow the reduction of population in the Canadian penitentiary system which this far-sighted report so greatly recommends. The unwalled type of prison can be economically built and the cost of maintenance and guarding therein is also greatly reduced. Physically, it has no locks, no bars, no armed or other guards. But, more important, the 'open' institution is based on self discipline, and this is one of the greatest aids to rehabilitation. This governing of ourselves while serving a sentence is a real foundation for rebuilding our arrested lives.

Many of the economical features can be traced to lack of locks, bars, walls and unarmed and security guards. And to give security to these open prisons, the inmates are carefully classified and chosen: only those who are emotionally stable would be sent to serve their sentences in this type of institution. This way, two things are accomplished, economy and the start for return to society.

Of course there are conditions to be observed in an open institution: a carefully trained staff, a limited number of inmates to facilitate staff acquaintance, and friendliness from the neighboring community. Open institutions, have usually been in the open country with

emphasis on agricultural work. However, industrial work could be stressed which, in some countries, would be of great value to the inmate on his return to civilian life.

In open prisons there are many innovations: minimum rules, no corporal punishment, no disassociation cells, no dark cells. All degrading forms of punishment are banished. No reduction of diets or other forms of punishment that may be prejudicial to physical or mental health are permitted. These innovations may seem like velvet glove tactics or molycoddling of prisoners, yet the treatment works. Chino is the glowing example.

It would not be too radical a suggestion to have an open prison started in conjunction with each of our federal penitentiaries. And if they were only used (in the initial years) for the last six months of each inmate's sentence to give the inmate a chance to become re-orientated, they would more than justify their low cost. Coupled with this, they would relieve the congested conditions now existing in federal penitentiaries: it's a thought, at least.

So it goes, many countries have used the open institution successfully and the inmates have benefitted to a great degree: it must necessarily follow that the society where these modern prisons operate benefit greatly in the effect these institutions have in replacing offenders back into the social structure. The investment in unwalled institutions has more than repaid the communities involved.

In conjunction with the above mentioned prisons, another thought is injected: prison service, to make open prisons a success, must be considered a social service — this has been proved. The custodial people to be employed must be given special pre-employment courses before commencing their duties. And as in everything else that is to be beneficially and profitably operated, courses for custodial staff would continue during their employment and each innovation in penology explained to them as it came upon the scene.

In closing the Fauteux report recommends the federalizing of all institutions in Canada: this would be a must in Canada if open prisons were ever introduced. The treatment would necessarily have to be standardized and one central office would be imperative to control them.

Think it over — remember it works — and with proper classification of inmates these open prisons would certainly reclaim a greater percentage of offenders than are reclaimed at the present time. Besides, it works.



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## OF MEN, MORALS - AND MONEY

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by Bill Jones

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IFE is indeed a mass of contradictions, and we have arrived at the conclusion that this is so because nearly every person is a contradiction within himself. Whether we are amused or confused, we all have friends and acquaintances who react to identical situations in a different way each time these predicaments present themselves. This of course, we usually countenance as quirks in our friends and not infrequently tab them as 'characters', not infrequently, too, does this trait of the unusual make them interesting, if unstable, people to know. Note we use the word 'unstable' for it is with this instability factor we, as prisoners, are most often charged. Strangely enough, it is only too apparent in some whose very life should be a model of stability and whose profession should be deep-rooted to the temperate outlook at all times.

It would indeed be a poorly trained physician who prescribed different medication each time he treated a boil: and the surgeon who cut off an arm, then a leg, then an ear from three patients complaining of rheumatism would undoubtedly lose face — literally, that is — before too long. But what of the judiciary and the press? How is it possible that judges and magistrates — in fact all authorities dispensing so-called unbiased justice — can say over and over again, year in and year out "This is the worst case of theft"—or whatever it may be—"I have ever had before me!" Impossible! No man can sit on the bench for twenty or thirty years and hear ten thousand cases of theft tried and exclaim of every one "this is the worst." So?

If — and we give a monstrous benefit to a minuscule doubt—these gentlemen are stable, we cannot attribute such remarks to lack of stability and must therefore ascribe them to lack of thought. But—

"More harm is wrought by lack of thought Than evil by want of heart".

Be the cause what it may, we are simply going to ask a question. Why? The facts are before them, as should be the man's past life, and wherein is the sense of labelling the culprit such a heinous fiend that the sensation-hungry news reporters splash headlines and by-lines of such filth and fancy? Too tragically often does the press, building up most cleverly what has transpired in the courtroom,

present a word picture of the defendant completely unrelated to the trial in hand and the man is made to appear — to friend and foe alike — a beast in human form. What for this sacrifice of similitude?

So much for the thief.

In the Bible there is a space of but one line separating these two Commandments: "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and "Thou shalt not steal." But through written word and spoken slur a world of difference separates adulterer and thief.

We, and you, and everyone else, are inclined to wink an eye and relish the thought that some man is a gay blade and unfortunately the international press gives great play to these cosmopolitan playboys, telling of the settlements they secure to sever the marriage bond from some heiress or other who has more money than brains. The globe-trotting adventuresses, too, have their affairs written up in most glowing terms and a trio of marrying sisters are paid fabulous sums to lend their names to face creams, or cereals, or cigarette advertisements. One need not go much farther back than twelve months to read the comments made by a playboy whose illicit amours make front page news that is avidly sopped up by the addle-pated. Upon the eve of his third marriage he told reporters: "There is no bedroom to which I am not invited within two hours of meeting a woman!" His future bride, four times married and four times divorced — and many times a millionairess — became his wife. Meanwhile, some hundreds of miles away, the deserted paramour bragged to another set of reporters in the accepted guttural gibberish: "'E weel soon tire of 'er and comm beck to 'ees baybee!" Nauseating, what?

But the same courts who marry, divorce, and re-marry these people, the same people themselves — who have trespassed against every moral code and have an utter disregard of decency in every shape and form, shudder and squirm at the very thought of contact with a thief! What a sorry commentary on our march of progress when, within the law, propriety is out of fashion and notoriety is glamorized!

Alas — the poor burglar is never invited to bedrooms!



## Careful, General - Your Slip's Showing!

IT must be painfully embarrassing to a man, after serving in a post well and faithfully for many years, to become afflicted with that rare malady known as "Foot in Mouth" disease. We associate gout with those who have lived high and have not taken the necessary dietary precautions: this other illness is most frequently contracted by men whose calling or profession throughout the years has nurtured within them a feeling of such authority and arrogance that they fancy themselves untouchable. They have issued orders and commands for so long without meeting demur that it never occurs to them that anyone would dare to question the validity of their words. Recent demonstrations, however, by several men who occupied high places, lead us to think that such an atmosphere of godhead tends to make them reckless, and in order to regain the limelight they once earned and enjoyed, they make some very assinine remarks.

The case in point is that of a high-ranking retired Canadian Army general who, at a conference jointly sponsored by the C.B.C. and the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs, sounded off regarding the state of affairs prevailing in the Canadian Army. We are quite sure that this gentleman, through training and experience, possessed the ability to talk with tact throughout his active career, but from his latest mouthings it seems that the habit has been only partially carried over into retirement and the art lost with the job. For what they are worth, here are his remarks.

The Toronto Telegram quotes him as saying thousands and thousands of men — many of them from prison — were recruited into the Canadian Army for the Korean War.

The Toronto Star quoted him as saying that because of inadequate army forces "10,000 criminals and useless men" were taken from prison "after they had committed every crime starting with murder and working up."

The two immediately foregoing paragraphs were printed in The Ottawa Citizen of August 9th, 1956. Farther down in this article the chief of the army general staff at the time the brigade went to Korea in 1951 — and the su-

perior of the man with whose remarks we take issue — is quoted as saying: "no recruiting was actually done in prisons" but he "knew of cases where magistrates had given prisoners convicted of minor offences the choice of joining the army or taking a jail sentence."

Let us go back to the first statement of the subordinate where he says "many of them from prison" and then to the chief's remarks "no recruiting was actually done in prisons." Something fishy here.

Now to the second part of the junior's remarks "10,000 criminals and useless men." If by this statement he means criminals are useless, he is actually stating that the many millions of dollars being spent today on maintenance and rehabilitation of prisoners is all being thrown down the drain. Many brilliant minds in all walks of life who advocate such a policy could undoubtedly present facts and figures to refute such off-the-cuff philosophy.

But his third remark is the highlight of this dull performance. We again quote: "after they had committed every crime starting with murder and working up." While his superior states ".....prisoners convicted of minor offences....." he in no way indicates that he considers murder a minor offence: we are inclined to the belief that he overlooked this particular remark of his subordinate or would not have attempted to confirm any portion of such ill-chosen words. In the opinion of the professional minds in the Supreme Court, no crime is worse than murder — certainly none can bring a heavier penalty — so how can one "work up" from murder? Obviously the phraseology used by this isolated soldier was thoughtless, and this is unfortunate because a chain is only as strong as its weakest link.

Comment by our Prime Minister regarding these opinions is dignified and rational. He is aware that the comments were made to alarm the public but the public is not alarmed.

The Ottawa Citizen of August 10th gives front page space to the reception of these charges by present high-ranking army personnel. We quote: "The army has reacted indignantly to charges by two former senior officers that its Korean recruiting produced an



ill-assorted collection of misfits, deserters and ex-convicts." It is very gratifying to know that those presently in charge of our national defence are justifiably annoyed by remarks made by one no longer in a position to know the facts. The commander of the Korean brigade, a man respected and admired by all who served with and under him, has made an illuminating statement: again we quote—"the desertion rate was negligible while it (the brigade) was under his command."

We could go to unpalatable lengths in our refutation of these uncalled-for remarks, but as we stated earlier, we were presenting them for what they were worth. We shall conclude by making a few remarks and asking a few questions ourselves.

(1) The Canadian First Division of 1939 is known the world over for its bravery and gallantry. How many prisoners and ex-prisoners were in its ranks?

(2) How many decorations were won in the 1939-1945 war by men with criminal records?

(3) When men fail to do a day's work and are constantly A.W.O.L., are not the officers responsible for them largely to blame?

(4) Was not the biggest army scandal of the 1939-1945 war wholly officer-minded and was

not one or more of now-retired personnel aware of it?

(5) Will not the present Commissioner of Penitentiaries and the Provincial Minister of Reformatories, together with Wardens, Superintendents and custodial officers—all former army personnel—take umbrage at the inference made by their one-time superior that their present occupations are "useless?" We admit that the construction we put on this portion of the ex-officer's remark is loose—so is his remark.

(6) Regardless of the status in life presently enjoyed by many men in prison, there still exists within them some sense of patriotism. Many of them have served their country with distinction in one or more wars, but such a castigation as they have just received may extinguish this flame of decency in an otherwise "useless" carcass.

In closing, we would like to state emphatically that it is the principle and not the context of these unusual remarks to which we take exception. We have tried to be objective, but perhaps silence would be as effective. Our favourite picture in our childhood reader showed a large silent thoroughbred walking dignifiedly away from a yapping poodle. It was titled "Dignity and Impudence."

## *Zee Schloss*

Up on the banks of Scapa where the Northern Fleet abounds,  
Guarding England's mighty shores from baying German hounds,  
Came a U-Boat of the Fuehrer, the paper hanging boy,  
To center out the 'Wagons' — to ferret and destroy.

Through deathly laden mine fields and radar guarded shores,  
Glided Schinkelgruber's envoys past the mighty lion's snores,  
Like the hunter of the jungle, they stalked towards their prey,  
And the blast from death's torpedoes could be heard back to Glace Bay.

The howl of the wounded — the danger of this beast,  
Whose pride and honour injured attacked down in the east,  
While in the Eagle's nest there stood a young fox of great fame,  
For he sunk the northern British fleet and added to their shame.

When tales are told in days to come about the English fleet,  
And the history of the nation that fought while in defeat,  
You can take out all the battles and leave the 'Jerries' one,  
It's the sinking of the 'Wagons' by a favourite German son.

Admiral Donuts



---

# Stop Me!

by Eugene Ford

---

**H**UMOR is medicine for the soul. For when a person, especially those who are incarcerated, lose their sense of humor they are defeated. The tensions and frustrations of our humdrum existence behind bastions of steel and stone are well enough to drive one to mental ill health if a sense of humor is not present.

It is the little comedies of everyday life that are the soul of wit. What can bring a smile to our countenance or a chuckle from our hearts than the little comedies that are continually taking place around us? The great comedians of stage and screen are not present behind these walls, yet we have laughter on a scale that is comparable to the most ardent theatre goer.

Humor is where you find it providing that your inner self is in search for the pleasant-ries of life. It has many diverse forms. It is individual in its quality and is hiding in the most unlikely places. When I say, "Individual" I imply that what may bring a smile to my lips may be frowned upon by others. Have you ever observed a person absorbed in a book who suddenly showed an expression of mirth and then to read the same passage and not experience any mirth from it at all. This illustrates how humor can be individual in its scope.

Humor can be clean or obscene—depending on the viewpoint of the observer. It can be at someone else's expense, or at your own, and it is life's little tragedies that the purest form of humor is expressed.

The sight of a steel measuring tape recalls vividly to my memory an incident that took place many years ago. My father had secured employment for me with the Nova Scotia Department of Highways as a "Chain Boy" to work with a surveyor. I protested such an appointment due to ill health from which I suffered at the time. My mother was also quite concerned over the appointment — feeling that the work would be too strenuous for my frail health. Upon reporting to the Chief En-

gineer's Office, I told him that it was regrettable, but I was not physically fit for such arduous tasks such as carrying a heavy chain. In a hysterical mood, he took me to the instrument shed and showed me the "chain". It was a roll of steel tape such as a carpenter uses, except that it was approximately 100, long and weighed no more than five pounds.

I have never been employed in any labourious or strenuous type of work in my lifetime, and it is quite comical in the mornings here when they call, "Engineers Up!" and I join the crew of giants who are employed on that gang — for I am only 5'4", do not look like an engineer, nor do I know Mr. Ohm from Mr. Ampere or a left handed thread from a right handed one. You can insert it through the eye of a needle with either hand as far as I'm concerned.

When I was attending college, I guess I was rather an expensive proposition, and everything was C.O.D. (Call On Dad) so pater decided it would do me a lot of good to work for the summer and once more secured me employment with the Comstock Company of Montreal who was putting in the electrical installations on a paper mill. I spent one whole day going through the mill carrying a large pail and looking for a bucket of "Amp Sifters". I haven't found them yet.

The following summer, believe it or not, I went into the woods and was employed as an electrician's helper. I obtained this job on my own initiative — thinking it was time I made a man of myself. I even had to dig post holes, so that summer I got my P.H.D. (Post Hole Digger.) Some of my friends had a different version: Piled Higher and Deeper. By the end of the summer season I was convinced that it is all right to make a man of yourself, but you can carry it too far!

Just before my incarceration, I was visiting friends on a farm, and the owner is a very busy man who sells farm implements, car parts and all sorts of feed for livestock. He wanted to go to Toronto on business, so I very happily offered to help keep shop. The family no sooner had left when there was a knock at the door. I answered it and the visitor asked for the proprietor. I informed him that he had left for Toronto, and inquired if I could be of help. He replied that I could inform my host that he was returning two dogs and had taken two in their place. I hemmed and hawed, then I said, "Dogs?" and spelled it D-O-G-S. He said, "Yes, dogs." I thanked



him and said I would tell the owner. After he left I spent most of the afternoon hunting for those dogs. On the arrival home of my host, I told him of the incident and said I couldn't find the dogs. He smilingly informed me that the dogs were parts for an electric lawn mower. That same afternoon another farmer came and asked for a Pig Starter, so I said to him, "I will get it," and left him standing at the door to the electric bin and get the part for him. But I'll be darned if I could find any Pig Starter so, I went back and told him that we were out of them, but that I would take his order. To my surprise he ordered three bags. How was I to know that it was feed to start pigs? Science has advanced so much! I would believe anything now. I thought a Pig Starter was an electric device to start something in them. I expect that science will next discover and develop an "Apuciated Nozzle Silencer" for gossiping women. What "Apuciated" means and is, hasn't been discovered yet, but you must admit it sounds like a word and it can be spelled.

Spoofing is the transposing of words unintentionally so that they are humorous. I am reminded of a very fat lady who weighed about 280 pounds and was testifying at a revival meeting following a church service. She was not used to public speaking, and in a state of extreme nervousness she exclaimed, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you the rest." Thus, even from unfortunate situations comes humor.

About eight years ago, I was shy and wished I had taken the Dale Carnegie Course. There was a girl and she was a "Beaut". I wanted to meet her and had employed every trick imaginable to do so without success. She was the type that made married men leave home. Well, at last I found myself attending a party at which she was present. The hostess said, "I will present you later." It seemed like hours. However, the long expected moment arrived and I could see the hostess bring her towards me for presentation. I actually started to blush. The hostess said, "Mr. Ford, may I present Miss. ...." I bowed and said in

my very best manner, "How do you do Miss ..... it is indeed a pleasure to meet you. She replied, "How do you do Mr. Ford, I am glad to know you. I have heard so much about you. The pleasure is really all mine. Why, oh why did I ever reply, "I know it is."

I like joking with women. They are quite susceptible to laughter and jolly moods. On one occasion, I asked the hostess at a party if we could play Post Office. She answered, "It is such a childish game." To which I replied, "Not the way I play it."

I like to tell the story of the Minister who was preaching to his congregation. He said, "Now I will take this chestnut and halve it to show you what we are all like inside." He halved it, and to his embarrassment exposed the interior to the congregation. It was decayed.

Americans are quite adept in the art of spoofing intentionally. But I am sure that the advertisements displayed in a New York restaurant were not worded in this manner intentionally: One side of the window had a placard bearing the words, "Try Our Mince Pies" while the sign on the other side of the window read, "Put Your Trust In The Lord."

During my lifetime, I have watched many changes in the nature of North Americans in general. At one time, it was customary to eat in the house and make your toilet outside. Now-a-days, it is the custom to make your toilet in the house, and eat outside.

Then there is the joke of the beautiful soprano who had just finished entertaining. She had charmed her listeners, and one dear old lady turned to her husband and said, "My dear, what would you give for a voice like that?" "Chloroform," was the reply.

Well, if you've progressed this far in reading this article, the joke is mine. But I think everything should be ended on a happy note so, I'll leave you now with the definition of a fond mother's dream: "That her Willie's pants will soon fit father."

Almost to a man, noted Penologists and prison officials, agree that there is a physiological time when a prisoner may be released and with help, become a worthwhile member of society.

From The Inside World

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The best way to pray is the way that brings the best results for you.

—W. G. Sonastine



# PERKY POEMS BY PRISONER POETS

## Diamonds in the Rough

### FOND MEMORIES OF AN ARMY CHEF

Your pie is like lye,  
Your cake you don't bake,  
Your sauce smells like moss,  
From some stagnant lake.

Your beans so it seems,  
Could stand some more heat,  
And also a flavour  
Sometimes known as meat.

Your pork is so fat,  
That a maggot would drown,  
I guess that's the reason,  
That none can be found.

ANON.

### THE MEASURING DOOR

With fresh new color paint each wall,  
Each ceiling and each floor,  
But touch with no improving brush,  
The children's "measuring door".

I know it's smudged with finger marks,  
It's chipped and dented too,  
But pencilled there in childish scrawls,  
Is how our family grew.

A proud parental bag of love,  
A daughter and a son,  
Have continued to grow taller,  
In more ways than just one.

PHILIP HAMILTON

### A VISIT

Thru the bars a shaft of sun did chance,  
Lighting drab wall and floor in searching dance,  
Brightness ruled for fleeting space,  
Then left to flit from place to place.

During the short seconds 'twas here,  
The sunbeams light was bright and clear,  
No sadness nor song of woe,  
Just sunlight's golden glow.

But if by some mischance of fate,  
The shaft's return had been held late,  
The cheerfulness and light it brought,  
Could never by mere man be caught.

GUNNER

### AUTUMN INVITATION

Come stroll through fields of gold and brown  
'Neath trees whose boughs are baring,  
The air is crisp with tangy scent,  
The birds to south repairing.

A deep'ning hush creeps over all,  
The owls voice calls so eerie,  
The squirrels their winter larders load  
'Gainst days to come so dreary.

The fallen drying leaves pile high,  
A myriad-hued soft carpet,  
Their rustling makes a sad lament  
For spring days long departed.

Yes, autumn is the time of rest  
For nature from her labour.  
To man is offered up her bounty,  
He lives but by her favour.

LeVallee

### STABLE TALK

My horse does not refuse to stir,  
Because a saddle rests on her,  
She does not wish she'd been at least,  
A smarter or a blonder beast,  
Nor gnash her teeth nor bite her tongue,  
Because she is no longer young,  
She does not wish her coat was sable,  
She loves her corn, she loves her stable,  
She is content to sniff the air,  
But horse sense is extremely rare.

PHILIP HAMILTON

### THEN

When time and tide shall cease to be,  
When ocean's restless surge be calm,  
When winter's icy shivers burn,  
When arctic tundra sprouts a palm,  
When shadows lengthen in the light,  
When trilling lark sings out no more,  
When ants are lazy, roses drab,  
When bees forego their happy chore:  
When sun and moon and stars are black,  
When sleeping meadows hold no dew,  
When all God's wondrous works collapse,  
Then, dear, will end my love for you.

Le Vallee





# PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



**THE SPECTATOR, (Jackson, Michigan.)** We enjoy your efforts, and each issue improves your editorials always contain good common sense and timely observations. We look forward to your papers arrival, keep her coming.

**STRAY SHOTS, (U.S.D.B. Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.)** We enjoy your Editor Notes, your fiction stories are always good and our A.A. group always look your A.A. column over very thoroughly. They Also Ran is an extremely well run feature all in all a good magazine.

**THE BAROMETER, (F.C.I. Ashland, Kentucky.)** Your summer editorial was excellent and we send an orchid to George W. Manuel for writing it. The cartoon of George at his desk is one of our favorite positions. Rest assured you are on our mailing list for all time, thanks, keep yours coming.

**MOUNTAIN ECHOES, (Manitoba Penitentiary.)** Welcome to the Penal Press H. Wisby, we extend our congratulations and if there is anything we can do please let us know. For quite some time we have admired your high gloss paper and that is one thing you won't have to wangle. Play it cool.

**TERRESCOPE, (U.S. Penitentiary, Terre Haute, Indiana.)** The Editor's Page is one of our favorites and Milestones, compiled by Chester W. Cleveland is a nice feature, trust you continue it. Keep it coming this way.

**THE EVERGREEN, (Washington State Reformatory.)** The Perils Of The Press by Dean Everett certainly sums the situation up, it will be interesting to hear of the objects deposited in your "Collection Boxes." We enjoyed Frozen Frontier by Gary Craig. Well, to be brief your magazine is always excellent. Keep up the good work.

**AGRICOLA, (London Prison Farm, London, Ohio.)** Welcome to the circuit Jerry Jarrett, your first edition was very good, so now you have set a standard we shall expect big things from you To the Duke we say good-bye and we always enjoyed your efforts. Although it is a small compliment we feel it is a must to praise your August cover. Very colourful and extremely clever. Please give the artist a pat on the back from the Diamond staff. Editorial was quite the thing and we particularly liked the phrase "if you can't beat 'em quit." After all why bump our heads on a cement wall? So we say, lots of luck and keep your powder dry.

**THE SPOKESMAN, (State of Georgia.)** In your July issue Rambling With The Editor made mention of toothpaste and razor blades and the reaction from some quarters, think nothing of it, as you say it was from a minority. But like the poor

they are always with us. The idea of devoting an issue to re-prints is a solid and unselfish idea. We enjoy your efforts, and look forward to each of your issues. Keep it as good as always and keep sending it to us.

**THE INSIDE STORY, (Tennessee Penitentiary.)** Bars and Stripes have a real idea in the monthly question. With this feature everyone can get into the act and feel they have a share in the magazine. Clifton Cotten's Editorial is right along our way of thinking and we send him an orchid for this effort.

**HILL TOP, (Dept. of Corrections, Michigan.)** Factor to Consider For Parole by Larry Tillotson & Bill Moore certainly covered this much discussed subject thoroughly and completely, this is a real team and we would like to see more from this duo. Your editorial was good and certainly excuses any of us from paying large sums in income tax. This would preclude the stories about Cadillacs and similar tales of high living. Nice work, keep it up.

**PEN-O-RAMA, (St. Vincent de Paul, Penitentiary, P.Q.)** We enjoyed the feature Society's Family Album. The pictures were extremely good and your ending was perfect. We quote: "Society, these too are your children, guilty and innocent." All we can say is: how true, how true. We get a drive out of Ben Jauvin and his column. We feel Raymond Poupart is doing a fine job as editor and is to be complimented on his staff.

**THE SPECTATOR, (Jackson, Michigan.)** Nice pictures and wonderful coverage each issue has something in it to give us a thought. The article on Charles Wade certainly gives a new slant on the other side of the fence. Rogues Gallery was very good in the July 27th issue and we could go on and on but space does not permit. Nice work keep her coming.

**THE FORUM, (Nebraska State Penitentiary.)** How fortunate you fellows are to have the services of Dr. J.M. Reinhardt, his interview was thoroughly enjoyed by all here. He is certainly qualified to give his views on rehabilitation. We shall look forward to more from this source. Do you mind a suggestion? Why not have the good Doctor do an article on this very important subject? Your July issue was terrific, you deserve a heap of praise.

**ANGOLITE, (Angola, Louisiana State Penitentiary.)** You boys are doing very well and we like your new feature Anonymous Attorney. The editorial of July 28th The Convict Wrote a Book certainly contains plenty of down to earth common sense. We also admire and enjoy your cartoons, congratulations on the whole issue.



# To What End?

Bill Jones

ONE of our contemporaries on the penal press, Ben Hoffman who writes for the Reformatory Pillar, the weekly publication of St. Cloud, Minnesota, has taken issue with a newspaper columnist who writes for a St. Paul newspaper. This newspaperman, Robert C. Ruark by name, suggests in a recent column that juvenile delinquents be sentenced to have their heads shaved once a month for a year and see that the newspapers play it up big. He tells about how the young people of today take great pride in their hair, how they spend as long as nine months getting the perfect touch to greased down elaborate waves and ducktails and goes on to say, and we quote: "There is something about head shearing which has always been a mark of contempt or punishment." Unquote.

Ben Hoffman very wisely points out that this suggestion, put forth no doubt by one without any more training to discuss crime and punishment than a hen to cackle at a brood of ducklings taking to water, would undoubtedly achieve notoriety without effecting any appreciable decline in the delinquency rate or vandalism. What a sage observation this is, and how well the publishers and editors-in-chief of our great dailies would be to stifle the inconsequential trivia and nonsensical twaddle some of their so-called "bright-boys" dish out day after day and week after week to a disinterested or fed-up public.

Where today are the men to be found who pioneered the newspaper game and influenced public thinking by presenting cold, hard facts? Who screens applicants for newspaper writing, and from what reportorial background are they chosen?

We do not wish to suggest for one moment that great organs like some of the American, British and European dailies are weakening or slipping; but to read any one at random you will certainly find articles written by sports columnists where crime is the topic under advisement, and a cosmetician is sounding off on the advantage of investing in common stocks in preference to bonds!

One of the writers for a daily, whose column is widely read, and has for some years been covering the various nite spots and vaudeville circuit, recently attended a performance of a well-known opera star and instead of listing

the numbers she sang, or how she looked, or whether there was a capacity crowd of near-empty auditorium — things he IS qualified to discuss — made this very enlightening remark: "While this was the first high-brow stuffed-shirt performance I have attended, the singer's diction was poor, her technique faulty and overall musicianship just bad." Doesn't that one give you a laugh? By his own admission he has not heard this or any other performer of equal rank, nor does he have the taste — or even caution — to preface or qualify his remarks by "I think" or "in my opinion" but simply states something that many professionals would hesitate to say. Could he be deaf or daft?

As we write these lines we are looking at the picture of a model, and among other eulogies about this high priestess of pulchritude we read the comment made by 'a friend' in New York society. We quote: "It is a terrible thing to say about anyone, but she's nice!" Unquote. Read that line again and analyse it. Does the speaker of these words really think she is being sophisticated by such an assinine assessment? How could the reporter who sought this background material have possibly printed anything so silly?

To again return to our own country and the press who favours the official opposition party in our Government. A recent very controversial issue arose in the House and a large battery of reporters from one particular paper sent acres and acres of wordage to be turned out in all editions. They faithfully printed every word said and naturally were very critical of our Government, but it now transpired that the large sum in question will be repaid well before the time stipulated and a tidy profit will be accruing to the taxpayers. Having cried havoc about something they obviously knew little about, they are strangely silent in regard to the concrete facts.

One of the outstanding goofs of all time, of course, took place during the 1948 election in the United States when Truman was running for re-election opposed by Dewey. A leading Chicago newspaper publisher retired for the night before all the returns were counted, assured by his reporters that Dewey had won. His first edition came off the press next morning with banner headlines reading 'Truman Defeated.' We all know who occupied the



White House for the next four years, despite Colonel Bertie.

But to get to the meat of this article: to what end is news published if ALL the news is not published? If all news were printed we would have no object in our discussion, but if some news may be eliminated or played down or in any way tampered with in the interests of the publishers, why cannot the same discrimination, or mercy, or whatever you want to call it, be extended to the public?

As inmates of this institution — and we feel we speak for everyone who runs afoul of the law and has no political or financial influence with the press, we cannot understand some of the motives that prompt the dissemination of propaganda in connection with crime reporting. Read the two following sentences, please:

- (1) John Doe was arrested at his home last night in connection with theft of monies from Blank & Co.
- (2) John Doe was arrested at his home, 85 Smith Street last night in connection with theft of monies from Blank & Co.

The only difference in these two statements is the inclusion of the address in the second one. However, if 85 Smith Street happens to be a large apartment block or Smith Street is a reasonably short one, Mrs. John Doe, who has enough private trouble on her hands, becomes an object of pity or censure, or both, the moment she leaves her own doorway. Has she done something to be so singled out? Has the newspaper sold more copies by the addition of three words? Has any good in any way, shape or form been accomplished? To what end this unnecessary lack of charity?

Another example, hypothetical of course: four men are arrested, convicted and sentenced for the same crime. The term is long. For eight years all four are good prisoners and, human nature being what it is, the crime has been forgotten. The machinery of remission

gets working in the Department of Justice and there is every possibility that these men may have a portion of their sentences converted to parole because it is felt that it is psychologically advantageous to put them on the street. The precedent has already been established by the release and extradition of a war criminal with several murders against him and the public has not been unduly perturbed. Into this well-planned and economically-sound situation a bomb drops!

One man makes a successful escape from the penitentiary and the newspapers are notified. Instead of publishing the picture and the name of the escapee, together with all pertinent information; and stating "...was one of four men convicted and sentenced for the armed robbery (or whatever it may be) of so-and-so in such-and-such year" these more blab-than-brains scribe-sleuths report something like "...was a member of the quartet composed of Harry X, James Y and Bill Z...." etc. etc. Why? It takes very little imagination to see the harm that may be done to the three men remaining, and what have they done to cause this unwarranted, valueless and posthumous eruption of publicity? To what end?

We subscribe wholeheartedly to the 'Four Freedoms' but are not unmindful of the old maxim that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' When a cub reporter covers a criminal trial, a sporting event or a civic reception, it is all of his training for the job to be done, and that job is REPORTING news, not MAKING news. Too often, we fear, this playful cub, like his four-footed namesake, causes a lot of mischief, but it is when he reached maturity that the great transformation and change of vocation takes place. If you will pardon us mixing metaphors, we refer to a bull in a china shop. News is news, but muck-raking is a backward step, clairvoyants are discredited, and prophets are a dime a dozen.



#### THE FOUR HORSEMEN

The misty glow of the tidal moon,  
Breaks the cold damp autumn night,  
While nations plot and scheme for room,  
The outcome fated for a fight.

The mystic, backward, burdened east,  
Bares her fangs like the cornered bear,  
And then expects to enjoy the feast,  
Prepared by those from another lair.

The prodding of the Chessman's pawn,  
Stirs the west to acts of fate,  
Determined at the next day's dawn,  
The loser is the winner's mate.

The time has come, Septembers near,  
The fatal month of all mankind,  
And those who leave the ones held dear,  
Are loathe to take a look behind.

KEITH MUNRO



# Rehabilitation Through The Mind

by William Huddleston

FOR a good many years now, doctors and penologists have been trying to find out just what makes men commit crimes and how they can stop them. A great deal of progress has been made, but they are still a long way from their goal.

I have read many articles written by men of great learning. Each has a very logical outlook on the situation, and each is a very logical outlook, but, each man, woman or child who commits a crime also has a different outlook on life and I feel no one plan could cope with all types of personalities.

Each of these people, I feel, is seeking something that is missing from his or her life. Just what this something is, I do not know. It may be love, affection, power or a hundred other things. But one of these elements is missing, and until this missing part is discovered, the person will continue to seek his success by whatever means he has at his disposal.

It is a proven and well known fact that a great number of the men and women incarcerated in Canada today are the results of broken homes. It is upon this fact that I base my contention that these people have, or feel that they have been deprived of some part of life. It is not too hard to figure a child's thoughts when all his friends have nice clean clothes for school and nice homes to go to while he has blue jeans and a "T" shirt and comes home at night to find his parents cursing each other and fighting. No, it is no wonder he goes out alone — looking, looking for what? If he is lucky enough to find someone else who is in the same boat as himself, then he feels he has a friend — and friends are made to be with.

If they have no money for the show on Saturday when the other kids all have it, what are they to do? Can they go home to their parents? No, not very likely. So they find their own ways of making the admission price. They scour back lanes and alleys for baskets and bottles for which they receive a few pennies. These pennies soon build up, and before you know it, they are not only at the

show, but they have gobs of money for candies and other childish delights. If things become a little scarce, they move over the fence and into the yards and garages. And before too long, it is no longer baskets and bottles, but most anything they can sell. These kids have to do this so they can stay abreast of their schoolmates, and in so doing, put themselves on the pathway to defeat.

Most of the kids who start out in life in a broken home usually continue to find their own ways and means right on into their teens, and a great many carry on for the rest of their lives. The result is quite evident. Reformatories, penitentiaries are at an all time high, and each year sees an increase. So it is about time some changes were made.

I felt quite sure the Fauteux Report might bring some changes, but after reading it, I feel that they have only repeated what has been said for years. True, there are a good many points in the Report that would be a benefit to all concerned, but on the other hand, it is a big letdown, indeed, after the buildup it was given.

Canada has made a move in the right direction by making Collin's Bay Penitentiary a spot where a man is able to learn a trade. This gives him the opportunity to take a job once he is free. This will put the prisoner in good standing with society. It's a wonderful idea, but still it falls far short of its intended goal. No doubt there are a number of you who might ask "what more can be done? We gave him a trade and tried to help him, what more can we do?"

Helping a man is one thing. Helping and understanding him is another. These men are not ordinary people and cannot be treated as such. They are people all the same. But they must have understanding and help. Each little bit is an aid — the trade, the segregation from other types, and the willing help of officials. All these factors lead to rehabilitation. But still we fall short, and will continue to do so, I think, until we are able to find that missing something. Once it is found, it must





# CONNING CANADIAN CLIPPINGS



Bill Huddlestone

From *The Globe and Mail*, July 21, 1956, by George Bain:

The four-man committee whose report on Canada's Remission Service has just been made public by Justice Minister Garson quoted Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary in the post-war Labor Government in Britain, on the subject of a modern correctional system: "The first principle is to keep as many offenders as possible out of prison."

The Committee dealt at length on the two main methods of treating offenders outside prison — probation and parole. It spoke of the popular misconception that these are steps of mercy or clemency, and gave these definitions:

"Probation...is a form of correctional treatment deliberately chosen by the court because there is reason to believe that this method will protect the interests of society while meeting, at the same time, the needs of the offender. Probation permits the offender to lead a normal life in the community and enables him to avoid the inevitably disturbing effects of imprisonment. It makes it possible for him to continue his normal associations and activities while he receives the constructive assistance and guidance of a trained probation officer."

"Probation is a well recognised procedure which is designed to be a local step in the reformation and rehabilitation of a person who has been convicted of an offense and, as a result, is undergoing imprisonment. It is a transitional step between close confinement in an institution and absolute freedom in society. The sanction that is imposed for failure to live up to the conditions that govern the release is the return of the inmate to the institution."

It is suggested a widening of the law so that more use might be made of probation and parole and proposed as the most important of its forty-four recommendations that a National Parole Board be established which would "be able to develop and maintain a national parole policy and practice, and provide the uniformity of administration that we consider to be so essential in this aspect of the Canadian correctional field."

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From *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*, July 19, 1956:

(Editor's Note: The following clipping draws to our mind the fact that in 1953 the John Howard Society in Toronto experimented with a similar idea. They called their experiment 'Dead Numbers Unlimited.')

"CRIMINALS GET HELP OF 'ANONYMOUS CLUB'" — Montreal — An unique organisation known as Criminals Anonymous has been established here to help rehabilitate former convicts. The organisation, whose rotating chairman may be a former safecracker or armed robber, was founded two years ago by the John Howard Society of Quebec but is still considered to be in its infancy. Formed under the executive directorship of Kathleen Campbell and in collaboration with Dr. Allastair MacLeod of the Mental Hygiene Institute of Montreal, the organisation is the only one in the field of criminal reform which operates similarly to Alcoholics Anonymous. Criminals Anonymous is considered by leading Canadian and United States criminologists to be the newest approach to restoring good citizenship to a great number of offenders who have served prison terms. Already prison aid organisations in both Canada and the United States have inquired about the techniques used hoping to set up similar groups. Criminals Anonymous is something new in rehabilitation, Mrs. Campbell said. It is a sort of pioneer project that will undoubtedly have international effects. For years judges, police officials, criminologists and welfare workers have made a strenuous effort to cut down on recidivists, commonly known as repeats, she added. But it was the convicts themselves who came up with the idea of a possible solution. They believed that the same thing could be done for them that was done for alcoholics. Through a penitentiary publication they asked: "Will the AA system of therapy be made available to us some day?" The John Howard Society, a prisoners' aid organisation, subsequently organised prisoner groups within the federal penitentiary at nearby St. Vincent de Paul to discuss freely among themselves ways of adjusting themselves on release. The venture proved so successful that the society's executive asked government permission to organise an outside discussion group. The society overcame the legal objection to congregation of former convicts by offering to sponsor the venture in the Red Feather Building of the Welfare Federation of Montreal.



From *The Toronto Star*, Friday July 13, 1956:  
HOW'S THAT AGAIN??????

The parliamentary committee on capital punishment concluded that the death penalty does indeed deter some people from committing murder. The public would have more respect for this opinion if it were backed by clear and forceful reasoning. But it is not. In fact, the committee's report is a remarkable exhibit of muddy prose and queer logic. Take this sentence: "One measure of its deterrent effect was afforded by an analysis of murders which indicated that a considerable proportion, probably in excess of half, are committed under the compulsion of overwhelming passion where no deterrent could have been effective." Which amounts to saying that the death penalty is a deterrent because there are so many murders that nothing can deter. And this from men who have supposedly been trained in the arts of argumentation by legal education and parliamentary debate!

\* \* \* \* \*

From *The Toronto Star*, Friday July 13, 1956:  
ABOLISH THE LASH.

Parliament should have no hesitation in abolishing the lash and strap as part of any court sentence, as recommended by a joint committee of the Commons and Senate. The committee did well to point out that Canada is one of the few countries in which corporal punishment can still be meted out as part of a court sentence. Its finding that corporal punishment has no unique value as a deterrent to crime is borne out by the weight of expert opinion and by experience elsewhere. It is, however, disappointing and highly inconsistent that the committee failed to recommend that flogging and strapping be done away with in punishing misconduct in prison. There can be no valid reason for prohibiting a judge or magistrate from imposing the strap while permitting prison officials to do so. If use of the strap is unwise in sentences meted out by courts, as the committee rightly decided, it is

obviously more so as a means of maintaining prison discipline. Rather unwisely the committee gave Parliament an alternative in case the Commons and Senate balked at abolishing corporal punishment in court sentences. It proposed that a sentence of corporal punishment be imposed only after the court had received a full report on the background of the offender: that it be administered early in the sentence and not coupled with long sentences, and that the strap should be the one weapon of punishment. It would have been more courageous of the committee to stand by its recommendation against use of the lash or strap as part of any court sentence. Canada should have no hesitation in following this humane course adopted by most civilised countries. It is unfortunate that the report was presented in Parliament so late in the day that no action on it is expected at this session. It should receive attention as early as possible when Parliament meets again.

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From *The Globe and Mail*, July 26, 1956:

No enlightened society would commit a child of fifteen years of age to the same penitentiary in which are kept adult and perhaps hardened criminals? Ours does. Ordinary people would not be parties to anything so grossly unfair as committing a man to prison meanwhile holding back another charge upon which to re-arrest him at the moment of his release? We do. Imprisonment for debt surely belongs to another century? Don't believe it. It is inconceivable that two men, jointly charged and equally guilty of an offense, would be sentenced to prison for quite unequal terms simply because chance brought them before different judges? It happens. It would be unreasonable to deny a court the use of corrective probation because the offender some time within the preceeding five years had committed another offense, however trivial, of a related character? Our law gives the court no alternative but to send the offender to prison.

..~..~..

#### REHABILITATION THROUGH THE MIND

be explained to the individual concerned, and then assisted to overcome it. I feel that then, and only then, can a man be rehabilitated.

No man can be prepared to accept the responsibilities of citizenry unless he wants it. No trade, prison, or amount of coaxing can change his way of thinking unless the facili-

#### Continued from Page 14

ties for his conversion are available to him, otherwise, the progress made thus far will be to no avail.

The only solution to rehabilitation is that method where doctors, trained in the fields of psychiatry and psychology are employed on a full time basis in penal institutions.





# Editor's

# Musings

**W**E shall start this month's column off with greetings and wishes of good luck to the new staff of The Mountain Echoes. We enjoy the Echo very much and look forward to great things from your new editorial staff. And to "Jerry Jarrett" the new editor of Agricola we send greetings and an abundance of good wishes.

Our pats-on-the-back for this month start off with Joe Lotharp, this boy has developed into a really sharp umpire and to speak further along this line he has kept all his friends, despite being an umpire. Nice going Big Joe.

This last attempt of our own Marilyn Bell to swim the Straits of Juan de Fuca should do something to put a stop to this long distance nonsense after all what does a long distance swim prove? Some people will immediately say it is a test of endurance, to what end? A test of speed over a distance of say five miles, with twenty or so entrants, this we can see. But a gruelling twenty miles in cold, rough, tide swept treacherous water does not, to us prove anything. Everything else in this age of progress is condensed why not pass a law to shorten the distance in all future swims?

The Editor of The Restorator is looking for a way to steal our column Quality Quotes, to J. Stinchcomb we say go ahead and use the idea, matter of fact we shall grant you a license to carry the feature on in the United States. And by the way we are highly flattered to receive such a fine compliment from an Editor south of the border. Use any part or parts of The C.B. Diamond, it is all in the same cause.

Rick Windsor the Diamond's sport writer, has come up with a new title, he has called it "THE CREEP OF THE YEAR". And has two nominees for the sigh sounding and difficult to earn post even at this early stage of the title. It seems and rightly so that Rick feels the outside teams should be accorded the utmost in hospitality. After all they do give up their week-ends to come in and give our all-star team some competition and entertainment to the inmates. The two people who won the award earned the title by the nasty remarks they so thoughtlessly passed during the

All Star game on Sunday August 12th.

The word news is a very important one in our everyday life, we wonder how many of our readers know how it originated. For what it is worth we shall give the explanation the way we have it. In the old stage coach days when the coaches came into London from North, East, West and South. The first initial of these points of the compass spell NEWS, sounds logical doesn't it?

We are seeking some information on how the penitentiary in Westminster run their Dale Carnegie courses. We have just completed our first course here in the Bay and at present we would appreciate any information that Westminster may see fit to give us.

Of late many of the fellows have used the services of The Diamond in writing for tickets-of-leave. This service is open to everyone, for in many instances an outsider can do more than the man himself. Well, there is the offer for what it is worth.

The Rev. J. Scanlon has been filling in very ably for the Rev. Canon M. Swan during the Canon's vacation. We send our thanks to the Rev. Scanlon for taking such good care of us.

Jock the Cat is now on the staff of the institution's hospital and he claims he has a pretty soft go. However as he has only been on the job for a few days his information and remarks were of a necessity few.

Rick Windsor is still doing very well as a barber, the only fault we can find is he refuses steadfastly to give the editor a crew-cut hair-do. And his buddy Big Bill Huddleston is now base-ball commissioner and he is doing a whale of a job, he says.

One of our newcomers Harpo by name dropped in to see us and gave us the latest dope on what goes on in the great outside. He knows many of the fellows here and also brought news of how many of our ex-time-mates are doing, does a man good to hear nice things about people he knows. Nice guy this.

We just found out that Pathfinder has a new staff, to Gilbert St. Denis we offer our congratulations and trust you and your staff enjoy continued success. We have just received your first issue which is August and our exchange page is already away to the printers, catch you later.



# PENOCRATS

by Keith Munro

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHO GO AROUND IN CIRCLES,  
FOR THEY SHALL BE KNOWN AS WHEELS."

**A**S in the free world, the caste system predominates in prison, and the caste of which I'm about to write choose to call themselves "Wheels". I have coined a word and choose to call them, The Penostocracy.

Life in prison can be frustrating, or it can be educative and tolerable. This depends on the individual. How a man utilizes his leisure hours could well be an indication of his intentions upon release. Perpetual brooding and self imposed isolation by a prisoner should give a penal administration some cause for alarm.

Though there is no set procedure for individual administration, a man's rehabilitation must begin within himself before any good can come from attempts to set him on an acceptable course. There are many problems to be solved — even by those who desire to 'go straight' when released. These men may want to lead a legitimate existence in the future, but such problems as finances, shelter, employment, etc., have a tendency to instill a sense of insecurity within the most normally balanced inmate.

Another factor that creates a state of anxiety within the prisoner is the welfare and general well being of his wife and family. The old cliché, "He should have thought of that before becoming involved with the law," is a negative approach. Most criminals never stop to consider the consequences when committing a crime, and those who do give very little thought towards being caught. The general attitude could be summed up as, "It won't happen to me," but usually does.

Men in prison suffer many character defects that the general public is not aware of, and any efforts to erase a man's undesirable qualities should be undertaken with extreme caution. It would be completely unacceptable for the average inmate to accept criticisms from another prisoner who, perchance, suffers from just as many faults. Many men in prison are prone to discuss the flaws of another inmate with friends from their social circle, and in

many cases have gone out of their way to ruin any acceptable reputation that another prisoner may enjoy. The carrying of licentious, untrue tales is a trait that is employed only by the avaricious and jealous person. There are many men in our penitentiaries who are living a life of hell — not just from incarceration, but due to the stigmatization of circulated untruths. No citizen can realize the profound effect that rumormongers can have on the daily life of a man in prison whose life is wrapped up in the little things that go toward making life a little more tolerable while confined.

Cliques are a constant thorn in the side of most prisoners. It is a social caste system that has been inherited from the Reformatories, and are headed by inmates who are referred to as, "Wheels". The clique is a tightly knitted group which cannot be penetrated by outsiders, and the friction that results from one clique vying with another for control over some privilege has resulted in some bitter hatreds that continue even after release.

Quite frequently, the intentions of a well meaning inmate or group of inmates are misinterpreted. A prisoner, regardless of whether he was appointed to a committee or seeks to work alone on behalf of the inmate population comes under fire from various sources. This can be attributed to the "Wheels" who pass along the word to their cliques that so-and-so is "NG" (no good) because he is a threat to their authority and prestige.

The cult of personality is an ever present problem where "Wheels" are present. Constant clashes between one clique and another are quite prevalent. Personality clashes between one "Wheel" and another borders on the ridiculous when viewed by those inmates who have no association with cliques. Yet the actions of these matured juvenile delinquents can sometimes cause serious problems that could well result in the curtailment of some privileges that the inmate population as a whole now enjoy.

Some people might wonder why such conditions are allowed to exist. The truth is that



they are not permitted, but rather force their existence through personalities — and this is one part of a person's nature that can be changed only by the individual himself. No amount of penal law or pressure under the present set-up can curb these organizations.

The rate of penal recidivism in Canada is one of the largest in the world which must cause some citizens to stop and think of the logical reason for such a situation. The education that many young prisoners receive at the hands of "Wheels" and clique members is one of the larger contributing factors. These younger men are not mentally mature and are susceptible to adverse suggestions by the "Wheels" who tolerate their association only for the reason that it builds up the ego of the younger man who in return gives hero worship to the "Wheel" thus making him feel important in the eyes of the mentally immature.

The association of younger prisoners with "Wheels" can, and does, lead to trouble. The young man will go out of his way to solicit trouble with other inmates and the prison administration to prove to the clique just how tough and hard he is. The nickname of "Punk" is usually tagged on these offenders who are more to be pitied than punished. Perhaps some form of compulsory education during the prison's active hours would serve as a form of segregation for these people, and at the same time prepare them for competitive life in the free world.

Lack of purchasing power places the younger prisoner in a vulnerable position when con-

sidering morals. The older and more experienced inmates are able to adapt themselves more readily to prison routine and therefore can keep a reasonably clean record and qualify for higher grading which means more pay. The younger man, prompted by older men, gets into trouble more readily and suffers economically when being graded.

Stealing in prison is abhorred — even by the majority of those who were convicted for a crime of a larcenous nature. Most thieves do have a sense of honour and respect the right, in prison that is, of another individual to possess something of value. This stems from the ever present attitude that prisoners have little enough as it is without their own clan jeopardizing granted privileges and making life behind the walls all the more intolerable. But there are, naturally enough, some exceptions to this rule. Petty thefts do occur, and if the culprit is apprehended by a guard, he is turned over to the administration for punishment. But many men would prefer to have the violator go through the rigors of a Kangaroo Court and have the punishment meted out by the victim — providing he is big and strong enough. The reason for this can be credited to the inmate's dislike of seeing even his enemies "Blow Time" (loss of remission) and also, it would give him the emotional satisfaction of personal revenge.

But no matter what phase of prison life one may encounter, it is still one big merry-go-round. And the "Wheels" can always be recognized for they have a ticket to the eternal merry-go-round.

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For the past fifty years the state of California has successfully operated honor camps, dating back to 1914 when prisoners were assigned to road gangs. Since that time, progress has been made along those lines to the extent that more than 1000 minimum custody inmates occupied 24 of the camps during 1954. Eleven of the camps were of permanent nature, operated in conjunction with the State Division of Forestry; three others were operated in conjunction with the State Division of Highways.

\*\*      \*\*      \*\*      \*\*

A big league umpire once remarked that he could never understand how crowds in the grandstand, hundreds of feet from the plate could see better and judge more accurately than he, when he was only seven feet away. Another man commented that in life, too, we call strikes on a chap when we are too far away to understand. Perhaps if we had a closer view of the man and his problems we would reverse our decisions



# Sports

## AT THE BAY



By Rick Windsor & Jack DeForest

SATURDAY JULY 21st

### MAJOR LEAGUE

Saturday afternoon was washed out by a torrential downpour of rain leaving both diamonds a muddy mess. To make matters even worse, it rained again on Saturday night making it impossible to play on Sunday morning. However, the clouds broke around twelve thirty and both diamonds were put into playing condition despite a slippery surface.

In the Major League, it was the Athletics vs. Tigers at "Tigertown." The game was a close one for the "A's" as far as Donnie McLean was concerned being on the losing end of a 6-0 romp. His trade hasn't helped by any means and Eddie Morpaw, his catcher has sat out the last two games while holding third highest league batter's spot. The A's, under new management by yours truly are playing fine ball in view of the fact that Rick Windsor blew two routine fly balls. Gord Allison found his eye pounding out a pair of singles, a homer, and a walk in four times at bat.

|                             |    |   |   |   |                             |    |   |      |   |      |   |        |   |
|-----------------------------|----|---|---|---|-----------------------------|----|---|------|---|------|---|--------|---|
| ATHLETICS                   | 0  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3                           | 0  | 3 | Runs | 6 | Hits | 8 | Errors | 4 |
| TIGERS                      | 0  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0                           | 0  | 0 | Runs | 0 | Hits | 2 | Errors | 4 |
| Winning Pitcher: Gerry Bell | SO | 4 | W | 2 | Losing Pitcher: Colin Crowe | SO | 6 | W    | 9 |      |   |        |   |

THREE STARS: G. Allison (Hitting and Fielding) Gerry Bell (Pitching) and Simpson (General Play) The second game featured the Orioles and the Yankees. This was a ball game of the pitchers. Both Lloyd Morgan and Ray Lepine fired sensational ball and were even tougher when a man reached base. This game ended in a three-way tie and it was hard to pick three stars as everyone played fine ball. The Yanks, under new management also (Jake Isenberg) fought real hard and promise to give the rest of the league a real battle from here on in. Good luck Jack! Keep em hustling. Ralph Lundrigan has his charges rolling along at high speed with John Rodgers playing fine ball and getting his batting eye again. The rest of the club is moulding into fine shape and are bound to be tough competition on all comers.

|  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |   |      |   |        |   |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|---|------|---|--------|---|
| ORIOLES  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Runs | 3 | Hits | 6 | Errors | 2 |
| YANKEES  | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Runs | 3 | Hits | 4 | Errors | 2 |
| THREE STARS: J. Rodgers (Hitting and Fielding) L. Morgan & R. Lepine (Pitching) E. Turner (General Play) |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |   |      |   |        |   |

On the Minor Diamond Sunday afternoon, Indians played host to the visiting Royals and scalped them 9-1. Dawson, the Royal's hurler, was wild, giving up thirteen free passes. These, coupled with six Royal errors gave the Indians the nine runs. Once again the highlights are not available.

|                         |                        |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |   |      |   |        |   |
|-------------------------|------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|---|------|---|--------|---|
| ROYALS                  | 0                      | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Runs | 1 | Hits | 4 | Errors | 6 |
| INDIANS                 | 4                      | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Runs | 9 | Hits | 2 | Errors | 1 |
| Winning Pitcher: Polley | Losing Pitcher: Dawson |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |   |      |   |        |   |

THREE STARS: Marshall (Fielding) Polley (Pitching) Harvey (General Play)

In the near future, "Sports in the Bay" hopes to start a Hall Of Fame. There will be selections made each and every month for the winners, and maybe our Committee will be able to arrange for some small prize. The award would be determined under the following:



The most valuable player of the month.  
 The most improved player of the month.  
 The best pitcher.

Also, special mention awards would be given to players deserving them. I don't think there will be any unjust beefs over the following selections for the month of July:

Most Valuable Player — Miles Simpson.  
 Most Improved Player — "Wee Willie" Fero.  
 Best Pitcher — Colin Crowe

Many of our readers at the 'Bay' may question my selection of pitchers. According to statistics, Jerry Bell is tops. But were Crowe with the Athletics or Orioles, this writer believes he would hold his own. He pitches with a lot of heart and never gets discouraged even though the Tigers (minus the roar) make error after error. That is why he deserves this award. Other special mentions for fine play go to Eddie Morpaw, Eddie Turner and Ted Menard, Ralph Lundrigan, Bert Rochon and Billy Roman. To the men in black and white (both leagues) goes a special salute. A fine job is being done by these umpires.

The awards to the Minor League for the month of July would go to:

Most Valuable Player — George Harvey  
 Most Improved Player — Ron Marshall  
 Best Pitcher — Jack Edwards

George Harvey has earned this award for his sincere efforts in every game. Seldom fails to hit and is playing fine ball whether he is catching or playing somewhere else. Keep it up George! Young Ron Marshall is coming along fine, playing heads-up ball and making an effort to be Rookie Of The Year in the Minor League. Jack Edwards, the best pitcher award winner for the month, deserves this beyond any doubt. A tireless hurler, Jack is as good as any in the institution and with a little more work should move to the Majors.

Special mentions in the Minors go to Russ Semeniuk, Paul Judge, Don Geauvreau, Bill Pheasant, Eddie Gagne and Paul Gregoire. Keep hustling fellows, you are playing fine ball.

At last! At last! I have an assistant. He is none other than my co-worker from the Staff Barber Shop, Jack DeForest. Welcome to the Clan, Jack. I would also like to say thanks to Gerry Goy on his fine sports coverage before his retirement. So, thanks Gerry. I hope we do as well.

#### SATURDAY JULY 28th

Saturday afternoon at the 'Bay' saw the Major League's initial game as a monstrosity. The Athletics were at home to the visiting Yankees. The A's, one of the finest fielding teams in the prison, were completely lost due to the fact they couldn't find the handle on the ball. In the opening frame, the Yanks romped home with five big runs on but one hit and five errors. We certainly can't take anything away from the Yanks though, as they played fine ball and hustled throughout the entire game. Lloyd Morgan, the pitcher who has threatened to retire for the last five years, threw a neat five hitter at the A's.

|           |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |   |      |   |        |    |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|---|------|---|--------|----|
| YANKEES   | 5 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | Runs | 8 | Hits | 5 | Errors | 0  |
| ATHLETICS | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Runs | 2 | Hits | 5 | Errors | 12 |

THREE STARS: L. Morgan & G. Bell (Pitching) B. Fero (Fielding) E. Turner (General Play)

In the second game of the afternoon, the toothless Tigers were slaughtered by the oncoming Orioles. The Orioles seemed to score at random and were uninterested after the third inning. From where I sat, it seemed they could have taken command at any given moment. Many of the Oriole players, after a slow start, found themselves in the third and made it tough for the Tigers from thereon in.

|         |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |    |      |    |        |   |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|----|------|----|--------|---|
| TIGERS  | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | Runs | 5  | Hits | 9  | Errors | 4 |
| ORIOLES | 3 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Runs | 10 | Hits | 10 | Errors | 3 |

Winning Pitcher — Ray Lepine

Losing Pitcher — Colin Crowe

THREE STARS: Ray Delaney (Hitting & Fielding) Ray Lepine (Pitching) Eddie Morpaw (General Play)

On the Minor Diamond, the Royals duelled the Braves. This game started off very good. The Royals took the lead for the first few innings, but the hard hitting Braves were soon out front to win the game. This game showed that the Royals can get back in the running if they buckle down and listen to their coaches and manager.

|        |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |    |      |    |        |   |
|--------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|----|------|----|--------|---|
| BRAVES | 0 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | Runs | 14 | Hits | 10 | Errors | 5 |
| ROYALS | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | Runs | 6  | Hits | 9  | Errors | 2 |



## SUNDAY JULY 29th

In this next game with the Royals on the Minor Diamond, the Braves steam-rolled to a 18-0 victory. It just wasn't the day for the Royals to get back into the running. Despite a marvelous try by Keith Dawson, the Royals pitcher. Let's have a little hustle from the rest of the team! Russ Semenuik, the Braves catcher, certainly keeps the team on the run — and believe me, this guy can sure work a pitcher.

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |         |         |          |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------|---------|----------|
| BRAVES  | 1 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Runs 18 | Hits 11 | Errors 4 |
| ROYALS  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Runs 0  | Hits 3  | Errors 7 |
| THREE STARS: Semenuik (Catching) Haskell (Fielding) Dawson (Pitching) |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |         |         |          |

The second game of the day on the Minor Diamond saw the Indians at home to the Pirates. This game was a real thriller to watch. Bill Polley, the Indians pitcher and manager, hurled a no-hitter defeating the Pirates by a score of 4-0. This was the first time a no-hitter has been realized on the Minor Diamond despite the efforts of Jack Edwards the Pirate's pitcher who gave up only two hits. This was a real game and a tough one to lose.

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |  |        |        |          |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--|--------|--------|----------|
| THREE STARS: Polley (Pitching) Williams (Fielding) Edwards (Pitching) |   |   |   |   |   |   |  |        |        |          |
| INDIANS   | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 |  | Runs 4 | Hits 4 | Errors 5 |
| PIRATES   | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |  | Runs 0 | Hits 0 | Errors 2 |

Up on the Major Diamond, in the morning, a rematch was due between the Yanks and the Athletics. This was no contest from the first inning. The Yanks were slaughtered to the tune of fifteen to two. I hope Casey Stengel doesn't read this. The A's were out for revenge and that is exactly what they got. Gerry Bell, the A's pitcher, threw no-hit ball for six innings and led the A's assault with four hits in five tries. Phil McQuade, after a long slump, had a pair of safetys.

|  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |         |         |          |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------|---------|----------|
| ATHLETICS  | 2 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 0 | Runs 15 | Hits 11 | Errors 3 |
| YANKEES  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Runs 2  | Hits 5  | Errors 7 |
| Winning Pitcher: Gerry Bell      Losing Pitcher: Lloyd Morgan                                  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |         |         |          |
| THREE STARS: Gerry Bell (Hitting & Fielding) Phil McQuade (General Play) Gerry Bell (Pitching) |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |         |         |          |

In the afternoon, the All Star game was a repeat performance between the Sinners and Queen's University. It was quite a contest with both teams showing good power. A closer game you will never see (nor will an infield fly come so close to being a triple again) as the score was a 5-4 victory for the Sinners. Queen's were better equipped and showed a lot of hustle and heads-up ball during the entire game. A couple of faces from last years Alcats were in the lineup, hoping to get even from their drubbing of 1955. Al Corrie, Manager of the Sinners, made some changes in the ninth inning with a four run lead in hand, and was given a little scare when Queen's erupted for three big runs in the first half of the ninth. Old Casey was really walking it off in the dugout.

### THE LINEUP

| QUEEN'S      |      |   |   |   |   |   |   | SINNERS  |        |        |          |  |  |  |  |
|--------------|------|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------|--------|--------|----------|--|--|--|--|
| Gould        | S.S. |   |   |   |   |   |   | Hickman  | S.S.   |        |          |  |  |  |  |
| Sinclair     | R.F. |   |   |   |   |   |   | Isenberg | Cat.   |        |          |  |  |  |  |
| Wright       | 1.B. |   |   |   |   |   |   | Chapelle | L.F.   |        |          |  |  |  |  |
| Campbell, J. | C.F. |   |   |   |   |   |   | Rodgers  | 1.B.   |        |          |  |  |  |  |
| Shadbolt     | 3.B. |   |   |   |   |   |   | Windsor  | C.F.   |        |          |  |  |  |  |
| Melling      | Cat. |   |   |   |   |   |   | McQuade  | 2.B.   |        |          |  |  |  |  |
| Bell         | L.F. |   |   |   |   |   |   | Simpson  | 3.B.   |        |          |  |  |  |  |
| Campbell, B. | 2.B. |   |   |   |   |   |   | Swan     | R.F.   |        |          |  |  |  |  |
| Glenn        | Pit. |   |   |   |   |   |   | Lepine   | Pit.   |        |          |  |  |  |  |
| QUEEN'S      | 0    | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3        | Runs 4 | Hits 7 | Errors 5 |  |  |  |  |
| SINNERS      | 0    | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2        | Runs 5 | Hits 8 | Errors 2 |  |  |  |  |

THREE STARS: Phil McQuade (Hitting & Fielding) Glen (Pitching) Hickman (General Play)

The game was enjoyed by all and we sincerely hope to see Queen's again. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Ray Evans, the official umpire of all our All Star games for the past several years who will not be coming back because he is leaving the district of Kingston. Good Luck, Ray, and thanks for your thoughtfulness and co-operation during the years. Also, a big goodbye to Paddy Swann, a great ball player and sportsman. Paddy was a gentleman in every respect who gave his all to the game. He will be missed by Jake & Co. in the stretch drive. Good Luck Paddy!

## AUGUST 4th

### MAJOR LEAGUE

The much anticipated holiday weekend finally arrived so the teams could almost wrap up the pennant. It got off to a roaring start with the Orioles visiting the Yankees. Too much power was exhibited by the Oriole line-up, and Manager Ralph Lundrigan led his charges to a smashing 11-4



victory. Ray Lepine, the Oriole hurler, had his stuff working well enough to strike out nine bewildered Yanks.

|         |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |         |        |          |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------|--------|----------|
| ORIOLES | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 0 | Runs 11 | Hits 8 | Errors 5 |
| YANKEES | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | Runs 4  | Hits 6 | Errors 9 |

THREE STARS: Delaney (Hitting & Fielding) Lepine (Pitching) Dutrisac (GP)

The second game of the afternoon featured the first place Athletics and the Tigers, in Tigertown. Once again the power laden A's smashed the purring Tigers into submission. The A's led by superb pitching by Gerry Bell and fine fielding by Phil McQuade, Gord Allison, Miles Simpson and Ted Menard. The Tigers are young and inexperienced, and they have also been hampered by recent trades.

|           |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |         |        |          |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------|--------|----------|
| ATHLETICS | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Runs 10 | Hits 6 | Errors 5 |
| TIGERS    | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Runs 4  | Hits 6 | Errors 7 |

THREE STARS: Teddy Menard (Hitting & Fielding) Gerry Bell (Pitching) Jimmy Blanche (General Play)

### AUGUST 5th

This was the game! The Yankees versus the Tigers in Tigertown. The game was a real see-saw affair with neither team giving up until the final out was made. Although it went only eight innings, it was a battle of wits — a bitterly fought contest with each team trying desperately to make the third and last playoff spot. Both sides made some dazzling plays, so, it wouldn't be fair to pick three stars. They gave their all and ended up in an 8-8 tie.

|         |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |        |         |          |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------|---------|----------|
| YANKEES | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Runs 8 | Hits 10 | Errors 5 |
| TIGERS  | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | Runs 8 | Hits 9  | Errors 3 |

### ALL STAR GAME

Once again the prison was treated to a great ball game. Thanks for this privilege must go to Bob Welsh, manager of the ball club from Peterboro. It was a hard fought contest with the Sinners emerging victorious by the score of 8-7. Bruce Harris, Peterboro centre fielder, proved himself a great player by robbing the Sinners of two possible home runs. This gentleman has the name of the best fielder in this part of the country. Both teams got off to a shaky start but settled down to a tight game with the Sinners and Peterboro playing heads-up ball.

In the seventh inning, the visitors exploded for five big runs on a home run which sent four across by Bob Masterson, the Peterboro catcher. The Sinners tallied twice in their half of the seventh to make it a 7-6 ball game and held the visitors at bay for the rest of the way.

In the bottom of the ninth frame, Donnie McLean led off with a walk and Al Rodgers followed with a double to put runners at third and second with none out. Gord Allison, in a pinch hit role, smashed a no ball two strike pitch to right center to send home the tying run and behind him Al Rodgers with the winning run. A play was made on Al at the plate, but with a head first slide, he schoonered across the plate to beat the throw. Incidentally, badly bruised hand. It was a fine game and credit sat out the rest of the weekend activity with at goes to the man in the background who is in charge of the Sinners again this year, Al Corrie, better known as, "Old Casey." A fine effort by both teams made it a real bang-up ball game.

|           |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |        |         |          |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------|---------|----------|
| PETERBORO | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | Runs 7 | Hits 8  | Errors 6 |
| SINNERS   | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | Runs 8 | Hits 11 | Errors 6 |

THREE STARS: "Ike" Hickman (H&F) Ray Lepine (P) Lionel Bloom (LF) (Visitors)

By the way, this club is an Intermediate AA organization and up until this Sunday had not been defeated. They lead their eight team league by a couple of games and we hope to give them a chance to get even real soon.

### AUGUST 6th

#### MINOR DIAMOND

The Royals are finally on the move-up hill. It's a long way to the top, but I'm sure, with the hustling the team showed and the pitching ability of the new manager, they can succeed. The Royals, in this game, sure made the Braves stop and think. It was a real game all the way with the Braves trying hard, but they just couldn't find their stride against the steamroller tactics of the Royals.

|        |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |        |        |          |
|--------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------|--------|----------|
| ROYALS | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Runs 7 | Hits 5 | Errors 0 |
| BRAVES | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Runs 2 | Hits 6 | Errors 3 |

THREE STARS: Polley (P) Heisel (CF) Haskall (LF)



In the next game, the Royals met the Pirates. The Royals were out for their second win, but for a while it looked like an upset with the Pirates getting five runs in the first inning. This was one of the best games the Royals have experienced this summer. They never gave up. All during the game, the team hustled like mad. The Pirates had a lead of three runs in the seventh inning, but when the Royals came to bat, they punched out four big ones to bring in that many runs and win the game 13-12.

|         |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |         |         |          |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------|---------|----------|
| ROYALS  | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | Runs 13 | Hits 14 | Errors 0 |
| PIRATES | 5 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 2 | Runs 12 | Hits 16 | Errors 3 |

### HALL OF FAME (JULY)

(Minors)

Semeniuk (Braves Catcher) Most Valuable Player      Edwards (Pirate's Pitcher) Most Valuable Player  
Goodwin (Pirate's SS) Most Improved Player      Scott (Royals) Best Rookie Award

### SPECIAL MENTION

ROYALS: Heisel & Peters      BRAVES: Haskill & Franko  
PIRATES: Marsden & Cuneo      INDIANS: Nugent & Williamson

### HALL OF FAME (JULY)

Majors

Simpson (Athletics) Most Valuable Player      Chapelle (Yankees) Most Improved Player  
Bell (Athletics) Lepine (Orioles) Most Valuable Pitcher      Delarosabel (Tigers) Best Rookie Award

### SPECIAL MENTION

ORIOLES: Rodgers, Hickman, Delaney, Brewer      TIGERS: McLean, Crowe, Robichaud, Dorigo  
ATHLETICS: Menard, McQuade, Rochon      YANKEES: Fero,, Bedard, Turner, Morgan

### TEAM STANDINGS

(Majors)

| NAME      | P  | W  | L  | T | PF  | RA  |
|-----------|----|----|----|---|-----|-----|
| ATHLETICS | 18 | 16 | 2  | 0 | 147 | 54  |
| ORIOLES   | 15 | 10 | 4  | 1 | 106 | 74  |
| TIGERS    | 21 | 5  | 14 | 2 | 110 | 164 |
| YANKEES   | 20 | 3  | 14 | 3 | 83  | 166 |

When the game is done and the players creep  
One by one to the league of sleep,  
Deep in the night they may not know  
The way of the fight, the fate of the foe  
The cheer that passed, and applauding hands,  
Are stilled at last — but the record stands.

The errors made, and the base hits wrought;  
Here the race was run! There the fight was fought!  
Yet the game is done when the sun sinks low  
And one by one from the field they go;  
Their day has passed through the twilight gates,  
But the scroll is cast — and the record waits.

So take, my lad, what the great game gives,  
For all men die — but the record lives.  
Grantland Rice

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Undertake something that is difficult; it will do you good. Unless you try to do something beyond what you have already mastered, you will never grow.

—Ronald E. Osborn

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I wish to be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth, be mine a life of action and reality. I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. —Longfellow



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# Vocational Training

by Lloyd Morgan

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THE DIAMOND has completed a series of articles covering the different trades and training given the inmate students in the Collin's Bay Vocational Training School. All phases in each course in which the student must pass in order to gain a credited period of time have been completely edited. This article is to point out the manner in which the students have accomplished these studies with a great degree of success.

It must be foremost in their knowledge that they must accomplish in a period of ten or twelve months the same amount of knowledge and experience as other Vocational Schools cover in a period of two to three years.

In order for students to be successful, they must take this fact into consideration and spend a great many hours of study in their free hours spent in their cells. That the students do this is reflected in the number who attain a passing grade and by the steady progress made in their bi-monthly examinations.

There is a record kept of the marks attained by the individual trainee and the average marks of each class collectively. The Chief Vocational Officer, after each examination, shows each class their collective averages in each subject and this is compared with the averages of other classes. This practice is done so that the student may learn where his own marks are below average and point out clearly where he must spend more time and effort in study.

In comparing their averages with other classes a competitive situation is created between classes and gives them an incentive to

work harder to raise their class standard. This also has a tendency to point out to the students that they must become proficient in their chosen trade in order to take their place in the highly competitive trades on the outside.

The Vocational Training program not only gives a student a thorough knowledge and practical experience in a trade but it does a great deal toward creating a receptiveness in an inmate's mind and thinking about his own rehabilitation. This is shown clearly by the number of students that have taken further study through correspondence courses after and during their vocational training.

Many students have taken architectural and mechanical drafting courses to augment their proficiency in their trade. Other students have taken further scholastic studies such as mathematics, English grammar and composition. Others have gone on to complete their matriculation in taking all scholastic subjects.

In most cases these facts would not be so pronounced if it were not for their initial association with the forming of the habit of study in completing vocational training. That the vocational training program has been successful at Collin's Bay is shown by statistics that only 30% of the total number who have completed vocational training have returned to prison. This institution has also received reports of men who, on their release, have followed their chosen trades and not only have become proficient tradesmen but have been placed in supervisory and executive positions.

All this is proof positive that a Vocational Training program, such as in effect at Collin's Bay MUST have a major part to play in the rehabilitation programs now in effect and proposed in the future, from the results of the Fauteux Report. It must be understood that the prime requisite is that a man must be equipped with a trade in order for him to earn a living and take his place in society.

Undertake something that is difficult; it will do you good. Unless you try to do something beyond what you have already mastered, you will never grow.  
Ronald E. Osborn

Life is a series of surprises and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not.

Prejudice limits the boundaries of clear thinking.



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# Come Ride With Me

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by Keith Munro

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**A**FTER being sentenced, the prisoner is returned to the County Jail to await transportation to the penitentiary, and is handed a document called a "Waiver" and requested to sign. The "Waiver" is, in reality, your committal papers to the penitentiary. Now, some men do not like the penitentiary atmosphere and refuse to sign with the hope that something better will turn up viz: an appeal. The Governors of such institutions dislike the idea of boarding these reluctant and usually attempt to encourage the prisoner to get a start on his sentence in case the intended appeal should fail. One chap liked the pervading influence of the Don Jail so much that he remained there for nearly two years on appeal—but I think I should mention that he was sentenced to life imprisonment and was just trying to break up his time.

The morning I left the County Jail for the penitentiary, I gave my good shoes to a chap who was being held on a murder warrant. He asked me for them, and I could see no further use for the "Kicks", so, I consented to an exchange. The ones I received in return were size 11's (they were too big for him) while I wear a size 8. It produced the sensation of walking in a hole that was in a hole. To top this off, there was more leather on the heels than on the sole. By the time I had reached my destination, I only had the uppers of my socks left which were held in place by the shackles.

But to get back to the recipient of my good shoes, I felt sorry for him and hoped that he would not suffer an untimely end. I was reluctant to discuss his possible fate with him, yet I was curious to know how a man felt living in the shadow of the noose. The corridor that we were locked in housed the gallows, and as is customary in jails, prisoners walk in pairs talking about inconsequential things. As we strolled pass the gallows door, this chap would knock on it and say, "Anybody there — yet?" I was amazed at his sense of humour which struck me as being somewhat macabre; but I was even more shocked when I asked him who his Judge was and he replied, "Hanging Harry, the friendly undertaker." I was quite happy when some months later I read in the papers

that his charge had been reduced to manslaughter.

Many men upon being sentenced to prison for the first time are surprised at the treatment they receive. As for myself, I envisioned the penitentiary as a black hole of Calcutta with labourious chain gangs comprised of the cream of notoriety. That last train trip to the pen had me in a mental state where I was seeing convicts in striped suits, ball and chain ankle bracelets, guards toting "Billies", and riot guns pointing from the towers. The clickety-clack of the train wheels made me think of prisoners marching along chain-style with one hand on the shoulder of the man ahead. I thought to myself, "Boy, you're in for a rugged time for the next few years, if you can retain your sanity that long." Some of the other men on the train had been in the pen before and speculated on whether "Sneezy-the-dip" or "Hophead Louie" were still there giving lessons in their respective trades. Others on the train though, were just scared and confused.

The prisoner to whom I was shackled asked me what I was in for and how long I was doing. I told him that I had six years for armed robbery. I then asked him what he was doing and why. He replied, "Fifteen the long way for a hoist." This, I surmised, was fifteen years for armed robbery. It wasn't until I had been in the pen a few weeks that I commented to another inmate that the chap I came up with was doing fifteen years for a hoist. When he asked me the fellow's name and I told him, he replied, "Hoist my eye. Hoisting skirts yeah!"

Getting back to the train trip though, I was eager to absorb everything I could see before we reached the prison city. The County Jail authorities had boarded us on the train early in the morning before the station gates were open so that we would not be embarrassed by the prying eyes of other passengers. Also, they had brought us to the station in real style: a big seven passenger sedan job with white-walled tires and another armed escort sedan following. Then we were taken through



the baggage entrance of Toronto Union Station and placed aboard the train.

Once we were on the "Iron Charger", the handcuffs were removed and leg irons put on in their stead. Shortly afterwards, the passengers started to enter the car. The Sheriff and his deputy handed out lunch boxes to us and asked if we cared to send postcards to anyone before we reached Kingston. Some of the chaps asked for cigars, cigarettes, candy and 'cokes' which could be purchased from the prisoner's funds. To hide the bracelets on our legs, we placed a board over our knees and commenced to play bridge. It's the first and only time that I had a partner who gave a demand bid on six points. To him, there was a game bid in every hand, and he was attempting to utilize this secret to the best of our opponent's advantage. We had decided to play a game of 5000, but before six hands had passed, it was upped to 10,000 due to the rapidly increasing score.

As on all train trips, nature demands that the kidneys be exercised. Such was the case on this trip, and when "Fifteen Hoist Sam" to whom I was shackled expressed a desire to inspect the plumbing, two other stalwarts and myself were forced to accompany him with a Sheriff's escort down that seemingly long car length. Every step proved to be an effort for I am not accustomed to walking with one leg tied — neither were the others. The clanking of the leg bracelets attracted the attention of the passengers — including the parlour car mice. I now know how a burlesque performer must feel. But if I thought that I was being embarrassed then, I should have waited.

When we approached the lavatory, the problem of four men entering at once arose. Have you ever tried to place four men in a train lavatory? Try it sometime — even sardines would get a laugh out of such a situation. It was decided that one man would enter while the next man would hold his shackled foot through the door to give the occupant balance while the last two on the chain could support the one who was balancing on one foot.

Now I am not adverse to letting children ride on trains, but I think they should be either riveted to the seat or given a full grain of sedatives before departure. During the lavatory incident, a little girl gave a large ex-

clamation of, "Oh, look!" while we were progressing down the aisle. To top this off, the little innocent wanted to follow us and view the proceedings. The sheriff tried to send her back to her mother, but she adamantly refused to budge, despite our protestations, and the mother, feigning blissful ignorance, refused to take the child back — not that I blame her.

When the conductor called, "Kingston, next stop," I began to suffer pangs of futility. I had adopted a fatalistic outlook and yet wanted to rebel against being put in storage for an allotted period of time. During my trial and stay in the County Jail, I had severed all connections with friends and family, and all at once I wanted to see them once more. But the Sheriff soon brought me out of my daydreaming by slapping on the cuffs (which were hooked onto a large chain) and removing the shackles from my leg.

When the train had stopped, we were led down the aisle to the exit. It was a far step down from the train to the platform, and, wearing such large shoes sans-soles, I tripped. My fall was broken by the prisoner in front of me, but one shoe had fallen off exposing my spat stockings. I was very grateful for the taxi they had waiting to convey us to the 'Iron Fortress'. The hasty departure from the railway station prevented any prolonged embarrassment for the station was heavily populated with students who were partaking in some type of sports rally.

I had expected upon entering the Penitentiary that the massive steel doors would be opened, but to my surprise, we were escorted through a smaller door that was located in the larger doors. There was no dramatic din of portals closing for the last time. Once inside, we were taken to the Keeper's office where we showered and were out-fitted with prison garb. The Chief Keeper took great pains to point out that he objected strenuously to anyone sawing the bars or damaging prison property in any manner. Then we were led to the cell-blocks and assigned cells. I entered my "Drum" and sat on the edge of the cot and mused that this was a hell of a way to put in a Saturday afternoon. Shortly after, a guard came down the range and shut my cell door saying, "You can close the door now, you're home." He didn't have to tell me. I had on new shoes and socks.

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Men never are consoled for their first love, nor women for their last. —Weiss



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# IT'S STILL YOU

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by Bill Jones

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THE two most quoted works of literature in the world today are the Holy Bibly and those of William Shakespeare — and in that order. Of all living masters of the spoken and written word, certainly insofar as the English language is concerned, Winston Churchill stands alone on an eminence, unapproachable and unapproached. There are none who will dispute the likelihood of the bulk of this man's prolific work ranking third, if not second, to the Bible in future years. Many of his ringing words and phrases are as familiar to us as the fables and fairy tales we learned in childhood: by words he rallied faltering millions in nineteen hundred and forty, by words he warned of creeping Communism, and by words he has secured for himself a historical place in the hallowed halls of literary greatness.

But it is with a lesser-known of his many brilliant utterances we deal to illustrate our story. Some years ago this great statesman had the thankless task, over a prolonged period, of recounting unpalatable news to his countrymen and the world. For months he was charged, challenged and countered. His opponent, lacking the breadth of vision possessed by Churchill, had nagged and nettled the great man until one of meaner stature would have lashed back with icy sarcasm or searing invective. Not Churchill. He husbanded his strength for the job in hand and methodically elucidated point after point, all the while cataloguing the measure of his critic and heckler. Despite the fact his vis-a-vis was a member of another political party, he was still Churchill's friend. What could be more apt than the phrase this master of the apt word used, not unkindly, to describe his opponent? "There, but for the grace of God, goes God." It is with this 'holier-than-thou' attitude, so long suffered by Churchill, we want to treat in this article.

Not so many years ago any mention of social diseases, prostitution or sexual deviation was strictly taboo in polite society and was, all too frequently, reserved for chit-chat behind closed doors at afternoon teas and stag parties. The 'bad woman' and 'the blackguard'

could never, never be mentioned in public, and certainly not in mixed company, but all the while the viciousness of these results of human frailty was wrapping into its tentacles innocent and unsuspecting victims — many of them yet to be born.

We can now, thanks to a few fearless, outspoken crusaders, look with confidence to rapid treatment and cure of social diseases — simply because the subject was brought into the open! The second profession, which is the oldest in the world, is recognised as incurable and therefore must be endured — but it can be curbed and supervised. It is so handled by older civilizations where its inevitability is recognised. The third, and unfortunately most malicious of the former 'tut-tut trio' has recently had a complete airing in many of the larger cities on our continent, and while very little in the nature of constructive cure has been activated, the subject is at least — and at last — in the open. "Very little evil dwells in light."

What about a fourth — and rapidly mushrooming—social problem? We mean, of course, criminals. This subject, certainly so far as Canada is concerned, is as unwholesome to most people today as it was before this country was a nation. Unfortunately, however, to operate Canada's institutions of punishment and correction today costs greatly in excess of what it cost to run the whole nation at its birth. Only a fool would suggest that criminals will bud, blossom and banish themselves from the social scene, crying 'Unclean, unclean' like the lepers of old, but only a fool can believe that nineteenth century penologic thinking can be effective in the twentieth century.

In the nineteenth century, the advanced thinkers worked toward one goal in penology, and that was to have laws whereby the punishment would fit the crime. This was most commendable and we do not dispute the fact that, having carried over into the twentieth century, certain injustices have been corrected insofar as the majority of criminals are concerned. Conversely, we could point out instances of sentences handed out in the last ten years which are equal in severity to anything



recorded prior to the first reforms in modern penology. The causes of such isolated instances are many, no doubt, but certainly one cause is the complete disregard of many sentencing authorities for present day trends in penology.

We do not propose to discuss sexual crime or crimes of passion—we are disinclined to the former and feel the latter to be tragically private to the individual — but concern ourselves with crimes where money is the desired end result. Stripped to the naked facts, the actuating force behind all such crimes is the hope of getting something for nothing. To phrase this differently, we have tried to get something without paying for it. The smug will shrug this off and say it's axiomatic that one must pay for everything one gets, and add "everyone realizes that." The wish is father to the thought — if everyone DID realize that, there would never have been one thief in jail — there would never have been one person robbed!

There have been at least six major studies of criminology and penology made within the first fifty years of this century, by men quite qualified to undertake such tasks, and their findings and constructive suggestions have been placed before Parliament just as frequently. It is a matter of record that action on each and every one has been so sluggish that new problems have arisen and continued for months or even years before any remedial action has been taken on those prevailing before the original report has been studied. This is attributable to apathy on the part of the public and their elected representatives.

In free society nobody wants to think that his person or property is jeopardized by some lazy lout, and if the felons could be sent here and forgotten, that would be the ideal solution from the viewpoint of the law-abiding citizen. Unfortunately, however, this cannot be so: from the moment we enter places of incarceration the bite on the taxpayers' dollar gets bigger and does not shrink until our release. When we are released if we can permanently regain our place in society, this load on the taxpayer decreases, but when we are released we are essentially the same as when we entered UNLESS AND EXCEPT our viewpoint has been corrected.

That there is a solution, nobody doubts, but wherein does it lie? As a start, if the first objective in penology were not 'the punishment to fit the crime' but rather 'the prison to fit

the criminal', a tremendous stride in the right direction would be taken. The present general 'time tour' for criminals today starts in the boys' training schools and ends up in the penitentiaries. Naturally it would be absurd to send a man of sixty to a boys' training school just because he is a first offender, but it is equally absurd to send a boy of sixteen to a prison where, under our present system — or lack of system — he is permitted to mingle freely with hardened criminals and oft-time repeaters. Let us show one reason why.

It is not fashionable today — certainly not within these celled citadels—for money thieves to cry the blues and whine that they were 'framed' or 'led astray' or didn't have a chance.' On the contrary, many of the inhabitants are tirelessly telling of operations and exploits of such magnitude that poor old Raffles shows up as a tin-horn hobo! It is amusing, of course, because these titans of their trade were sensationally successful until they were tripped up 'by some blundering idiot who worked for a miserable fifty bucks a week.' It is amusing, too, to those of us who are mature, but is it amusing to know that these stories, told and re-told, assume an aura of glamour and authenticity in the eyes of the naive? We believe there is a very real danger behind this facade of fancy and fabrication.

When we are released from these places, we are still the same men who entered: our appearance may have changed for the better or worse, our self-respect may be a little less and our confidence may be a little more. But the men going out are you, and you, and me. We may be changed in a hundred ways but there is only ONE way we can be changed and stay out. That is if we have changed OR BEEN CHANGED in our outlook. This all-important change can be effected by one means only, and that is the place in which we have been incarcerated. It is redundant to say that when we were sentenced we had any choice as to where we would go, but certainly the sentencing authority had. How many magistrates or judges have visited the reformatories of penitentiaries to which they have power to commit a man? How many of these gentlemen have any idea of the facilities, or lack of facilities, in these places? Further, how many of them are only concerned with the sentence to be passed, to the exclusion of reformation and rehabilitation?

We do not presume to know anything about penology by comparison with experts or those with years of study and interest in the subject,



but we have time to think and look around—the latter unfortunately. We do not presume to tell the public that our plight is their worry or responsibility, but we would respectfully bring to their attention that our upkeep is a nasty expense. The problem, distasteful as it may be to those who respect law and order, cannot be solved by taking an apathetic attitude or, ostrich-like, sticking your head into the ground. That bird lays a big egg. No the problem is too big, and growing bigger.

We may have needed no help to perpetrate our first crime, but certainly some help is necessary to prevent repetition and a lot of help to prevent perpetuation. Statistics on recidivism would indicate that, concerning repetition, help has not been forthcoming somewhere along the line, and so far as perpetuation is concerned, nowhere along the line. Prisoners are people and therefore every one is different. What is one man's medicine is another man's poison. The training for a vocalist is different to that for a pianist and the training for a swimmer is not that for a boxer. Everyone has a voice but not everyone wants to sing, nor can he make, or want to make a living by that means. The present system, or lack of system, whereby all criminals are incarcerated together, cannot help but produce a very large percentage of failures on graduation because no thought has been given to the inherent abilities or possibilities in each which should be cultivated.

Let us assume that this latent force is discerned by the sentencing authority: does it not follow that the proper training camp should be provided wherein may be found the facilities to train the man, and these facilities be in the hands of, and used by, proper trainers? When you leave prison, you are, in effect, a product of your environment, your reaction to society is a reflection of your attitude and your attitude has been shaped by your training. But it's still you. To go to prison you have done wrong, but to stay out of prison you must do right. If the proper prison has been provided the criminal will have received the physical, mental and mechanical training to permit him to stay out. When the proper prison is available all sentencing authorities should be educated to commit the offenders to the proper places.

When the proper prison is built, sentencing authorities will be in a position to dispense justice with mercy and yet with teeth: they will be to give half a sentence and half a chance and leave the other half of each to the offender. They will be able to say with clear consciences: "The means to go from wrong to right is in your hands and whether you respond or not is up to you. You have not always been bad and — it's still you! We are going to help you to help yourself. I should never see you again in these circumstances but if I do I will know you have not changed your outlook. If you come out with the same outlook, look out."

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A sullen jailbird nursing a grudge is the product of the penal system which emphasizes "punishment for punishment's sake," says an American criminologist who ran a prison without bars.

Dr. Kenyon J. Scudder, former superintendent of the Chino minimum-security correctional institution in California, told the Canadian conference on social work Thursday night that caging criminals is no protection to society, for few can be locked away forever.

"Locking a man away in a bastille and throwing away the key is no good. Some day 95 percent of the people put away get back. We should be concerned with how they feel — soured and embittered or resolved to take a constructive place in the community."

Prisoners were afraid to go home when freed for fear they would not be accepted. The Roman Catholic and Jewish churches did a fine job in rehabilitation, and "I wish the Protestant church responded as well."

At Chino, founded by Dr. Scudder, the first group of 34 convicts arrived in 1940 on an ordinary bus to a regime free of locks and armed guards. Civilian clothes were substituted for the drab prison garb.

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An inmate of this institution is suing his lawyer and a court official for one million dollars, accusing them of violating his civil rights.    Statesville Prison, Ill.



# QUALITY QUOTES

## from PENITENT PENS

### THE MENTOR, (South Walpole Mass.)

But ask any Penal Administrator what condition behind walls is the most important. His reply will surprise you.

Alert guards?  
Electrified walls?  
Modern firearms?  
Rigid discipline?

High morale is what he'll tell you. High morale so that it never becomes necessary to employ the former expediences. Retribution is no longer the theme behind imprisonment. Society has learned it does not pay. Re-condition men, implanting in them the desire to lead a normal, useful life. That is the only way the community and the individual in question can hope to win. That is the only way that prisons then become something more than temporary protection for society.

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### THE PRESIDIO, (Fort Madison Iowa.)

Penology has advanced a great deal in the last twenty years. The days of the loaded canes, clubs and sadistic guards are, in most states, a thing of the past. Of course, we still have sadistic personalities among us whose every-day prayer is for the return of the old ways, so they may once again return to power. Though they will be with us for years, they are on their last leg. Their chances of returning to power are small. General public interest and the fair minded top officials will not let them return. In due time they will be weeded out and replaced by the type of men needed.

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### TRANSITION, (New Westminster, B.C.)

Prisons have failed as deterrents to crime. They have failed as correctional institutions. Let's face it: Prisons should be abolished. The prison cannot be reformed. It rests upon false premises. It will never be anything but a grave-

yard of good intentions. Prison is not just the enemy of the prisoner. It is the enemy of society.

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### OSR NEWS AND VIEWS, (State of Oklahoma.)

A first offender is a person with a problem. He is not a so-called habitual criminal. More often than not he has never been in trouble with the law previous to the instant offense. If he has it has not been serious by virtue of the fact that he is a first offender.

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### AGRICOLA, (London, Ohio.)

A recent survey of American and Canadian penal press reveals over two hundred and fifty monthly and weekly publications reach approximately 2,000,000 interested readers.

Written and published by inmates, this 20th century new comer to the Fourth Estate is becoming more popular each year.

When first started some twenty-five years ago, the stress was on local institution news. During the 30's, emphasis was on "beefing and bitching" as one Western warden states.

Today, the bulk of these papers and magazines are inclined to discuss penal and social problems objectively. "This," says a Detroit editor, "points to maturity and stability in the journalism field."

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### MOUNTAIN ECHOES, (Manitoba Penitentiary.)

Possibly our country would do well to spend a little less time and money on commissioners, fact-finding committees and bodies investigating penology and criminality and instead put into effect some of the social practices of the Danes. We could not go far wrong in adopting any new change of policy. The facts as presented by Inspector Haslund give food for thought to anyone interested enough to study our abnormally high crime rate.

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### THE KEYSTONE, (Western State Penitentiary.)

In the Classification Center we are primarily concerned with the diagnosis of the important aspects in the background of each individual we see. Diagnosis in and of itself, however, is not classification in its true meaning. Classification, in the correctional sense, is a method of pooling all relevant information about the offender so that all important decisions later affecting him may be coordinated. This is the method that Pennsylvania hopes to use in coordinating the initial diagnosis done in the Classification Center with the treatment and training later received in the institution.

Said a well-known extensive employer of labour, who never needs to dismiss an employee: "I have always had the happiest relations with my workpeople. If you ask me how it is to be accounted for, I can only say that it has been my aim from the first to do to them as I would wish to be done by." Herein lies the secret by which all desirable conditions are secured, and all that are undesirable are overcome. Do you say that you are lonely and unloved, and have not a friend in the world? Then, I pray you, for the sake of your own happiness, blame nobody but yourself. Be friendly towards others, and friends will soon flock around you. Make yourself pure and lovable, and you will be loved by all.

James Allen



# MONTHLY REPRINT

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## PAROLE

WHEN parole is wisely and efficiently operated it performs a very important role in the lives of every citizen of this nation for the range of its activities extend far beyond its primary function of reclaiming thousands of ex-convicts and assisting them to become good citizens. As a vital part of the penal system, it helps reduce crime, keep prison populations lower which means the lowering of taxes and help protect the public from criminal activities. When parole is not wisely and efficiently operated just the opposite is true, few men are reclaimed and assisted to become good citizens crime increases, already overcrowded prisons become jammed, taxes are increased and the public are less safe from criminal depredations.

Before continuing further, it might be well to define parole and state its purpose so that it may be more easily understood. Parole is a form of conditional release granted a convict after he has served a part of his time in a penal institution. This conditional release is not a freedom, as so many think for parole always prepossesses certain forms of supervision and restriction. Its purpose is to place the convict in an environment where he can better adjust himself to life in a free society. Parole is not freedom, as many believe for it always implies some form of supervision and restriction but does give the convict enough freedom to accustom himself to it and learn to accept the responsibilities that freedom brings.

Since parole is obviously a step toward the convict's eventual reclamation and return to good citizenship so that he becomes a social and economic asset to the community in which he resides, it is illogical that a state should permit fallacies and defects to remain in the parole structure as obstacles which often prevent the convict's adjustment. The first of these is the almost total lack of educational, vocational and recreational programs in a

vast number of penal institutions. These programs enable men to fit themselves better for life in free society, improving their general education and keeping their bodies strong and healthy. The second is the fallacy of insufficient parole personnel to supervise the program. The third is the almost total absence of a plan which enables men due for parole to begin to learn to adjust themselves to life in a free society while still incarcerated to partial freedom. Fourth the failure to provide employment for the parolee so that he can go directly to work after release and not be forced to face the extreme difficulties of finding jobs for themselves. Fifth, the fallacy of believing that the five or ten dollars given parolees by states at the time of their release is adequate to sustain them until they can find employment. All of these fallacies and defects contribute to the number of men who return to prisons as parole violators.

Before dealing with these obstacles, the mental, physical and moral condition of the majority of the men who must face them—a condition caused by the effects of a prison regime must be faced. Extensive tests have proved that prison life usually either partly or completely destroys men's ambition, initiative and competitive spirit. Shut off from all normal human contacts many of the men brood until they become morbidly introspective and anti-social.

It is another fallacy to expect men in this abnormal condition to adapt themselves immediately to life in a free society, the majority of the members of which are actively antagonistic toward them or to compete successfully with other men in highly complex and competitive business or industrial world. Yet this is expected of thousands of men who are paroled every year. All this is expected of thousands of men who are paroled every year. All parole departments are not operated unwisely or with inefficiency. In every parole department there is an honest sincere desire to



make the parole program function properly, but many of them are undermanned. Overloading of cases on an agent makes it impossible for proper supervision.

The temptation to turn to crime when a man is broke, hungry and without a place to sleep is too strong for many to overcome. The fallacy that five or ten dollars "gate money" given parolees upon release is sufficient to sustain him until he receives a pay check is foolhardy to say the least. When this is gone there is of course charitable agencies to whom he can apply but these can offer him the most temporary kind of financial relief only. Since the parolee is still in effect a prisoner, and therefore a ward of the state, this should be a state's responsibility.

Many critics of modern parole believe that many of the rules and restrictions on the parolee are superfluous and could be dispensed with to the advantage of all concerned. The rules of most states include the following: parolee is forbidden to remain out after a stipulated hour: he is not permitted to vote, marry, frequent public dance halls or places where intoxicating liquors are sold or gambling is conducted: he must not buy anything on the installment plan, borrow money, own or drive a car without permission, leave the county or state to which he is paroled, change jobs or place of residence without permission of his parole officer: give an explanation for idleness: he must make a detailed written and a personal report to his parole officer once a month.

Once released, happy though he is with the prison gate behind him, the parolee faces an extremely critical situation. How many men, regardless of character, ability and cooperation of friends, could start all over again, with only limited funds and a meager outfit of clothes, and make good? Consider the added handicap of the parolee. In the first place, he is a marked man — ex-convict, who has inevitably lost some if not most of his self-respect and confidence. He has lost the pride that goes with citizenship and any standing he may have had once among his fellowmen. He is usually without friends, and those he may have are apt to be luke warm, because even casual intimacy with an ex-convict is likely to reflect upon them. Is it, then, any wonder that he sometimes seeks friendship whose influence is not good for him?

Society demands that the parolees make good but pursues the short-sighted policy of giving him even less of a chance than it gives the average man, who, though he is likely to have violated the criminal laws many times, has never been in prison. It expects the parolee to get up after it has knocked him down as he struggles to his feet. He isn't given a sporting chance, even though he has paid his bill and is entitled to a receipt.

Until the fallacies and defects are removed, parole systems will not function properly: fewer men will be reclaimed and aided to attain good citizenship, crime will increase and the public will all be in more danger from criminal activities.

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We know full well that the prison is but part of the great social question that, as a general rule, poverty is the parent and the slum the kindergarden of vice. But we also know that, while these prepare the soil, it is the administration of criminal law that plants the seed and supplies the conditions that bring crime to maturity.

From Agricola. (London, Ohio.)

A prison lifer gets to know better than many a preacher all the possible variations there are on the theme of forgiveness of sins. Anon.

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The federal government, which includes the Department of Justice and therefore, is responsible for the rehabilitation program — when it exists — is the worst offender. An ex-inmate is barred from employment by all departments of the federal government.

It doesn't look too well, after careful analysis. Here we have the picture of a government aiming at the rehabilitation of penitentiary inmates, yet the same government is the first agency to throw obstacles in the way of released inmates who are looking for work, it being understood that employment is the key factor in rehabilitation. We agree that the government is well justified in this measure, but we also agree that the government cannot deny its responsibility.

From Pen-O-Rama, St. Vincent de Paul



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# KAMPUS KWEERIES

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by "The Marshall"

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Dear Kamper:

I come from the Restigouche district and in happier days I had a little salmon named Lily. I am doing three years and would like her to be at my side as I know she would be happier here than alone outside. What would you suggest?

Ex Maritimer

Dear Blue Nose:

Your sentiment touches me deeply but I cannot offer any remedy as this place is still not co-educational. I would strongly recommend, however, you just keep up a steady correspondence with your piscatorial paramour and tell her to dry her eyes and bear up. I shall be very glad to spend a few hours with you each Friday as that will undoubtedly be one of your more difficult days. Try and be brave because your problem is not as big as was that of Jonah.

Mack Rell

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Daire Mr. O'Kwaire:

Now me name is Mike O'Minnegan  
An' the judge gave me a fin again,  
Can I do all me time  
Composin' this rhyme  
An' be sure of not coming' back in again?

Irish Sport

Daire Paddy:

You're lucky your name isn't Doherty,  
Or the judge would have slapped you with  
forty,  
But I'll write your wife Kate  
And arrange for a date,  
That's the kind of a pal I am, Sporty.

Kampus O'Kork

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Dear Kweeries:

A man along my range snores at night and if he has been reading a western magazine before he falls asleep he always snores "Home On The Range." Can I help him, or can you help me?

Disturbed Sleeper

Dear Rip Van Winkle:

What a strange coincidence — with your letter I received another complaining about a man who talks in his sleep. He has just finished reading "How To Be A Bird" and talks all night about flying. Sometimes he thinks he is a baby robin and at other times a crow. The boys plan to solve their problem by buying a book on the history of the guillotine. I hope they get ahead with the plan.

Somnambulist

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Dear Doctor:

You seem to have the answer to everything, even the theory of the birds and the bees. Tell me, is sex here to stay?

Lover Boy

Dear Romeo:

Your question is well timed because I have just heard through headquarters of "Live and Love", of which I am a member, that the experts are working on a substitute for sex. It seems that this fiendish suggestion has been put forward by an old maid in the Congo who has forty seven children and doesn't want a forty-eighth. She is convinced that a capsule containing the necessary ingredients be taken with morning coffee and the taker is then prepared to await nothing more than a batch of pills. Possibly it is the cannibal in this woman, but for me, I am old fashioned and what was good enough for Pa and Ma is good enough for me. I admit I was very young to remember, but I distinctly recall my father taking one look at me and saying "Zounds, can that be ours?" The shock did not deter him from further experiments, however, and he lived to a ripe old age. The birds and bees, too, will never go for this new-fangled capsule routine — they prefer to just continue doing what comes naturally.

Don Juan



Dear Kamper:

I am deeply interested in leaving here as soon as possible. My sentence is five years. What do you suggest in my case?

Fin Server

Dear Fiver:

The best remedy for a man with your time is a Memory Course. You may not believe this, but there are actually men in here who have forgotten that women are different! Were you to fall into this unfortunate category, heaven only knows what would result when you got out. By this memory course — which I strongly recommend — you are kept constantly in touch with what is going on outside and the doings of such glamour queens as Marilyn Monroe, Diana Dors and Venobia Zilch. With each fifth lesson pictures are supplied showing the latest fashions in evening gowns, nightgowns and beach gowns and by this subtle means, the man is continually reminded that such clothes were not made for him, therefore there must still be a difference. On the other hand, you can imagine that you are a big financial tycoon, being paid five thousand dollars a day. When you have piled up your first million you will want to reach two, and I know you will just hope that your time lasts long enough to accomplish that.

Half Yours

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Dear Kweer:

Can you inform me the easiest and most effective way to stay out of jail?

Thinker

Dear Brains:

I am presently giving the most profound thought to the problem you pose and so far can only offer the suggestion that you earn an honest living. I admit this may be difficult for one who has become used to sleeping all day and cavorting all night, going from nitery to nitery in a shiny Cadillac, but many, many people are doing it. Taxes, too, are a frightful bore to the honest wage-earner but are just one of the penalties we must pay to stay free. If you have never thought of working before, think of it now. You will find it most horrible at first — but so is jail.

Roformed

Dear Crystal Gazer:

By the time you read and answer this, I shall be on the street — you will still be in there. But please tell me — does crime pay?

Fuses

Dear Ampere:

I can state most emphatically that crime does not pay. At least, I haven't found that it does. You can get fast returns — to prison, that is — but you cannot count on your capital building up or being permanent. Having known you personally and recognizing how much you have on the ball, I can assure you that any legitimate endeavor you tackle will give much higher dividends in dollars, peace of mind and freedom than wasting your talents on illegitimate endeavors which are predoomed to failure. There is a happy medium to walking the straight and narrow and running around in circles — it is known as living within your income. You will find you have lots of company if you try it. Leave the easy money to the boys who like to brag — they do a lot of bragging — but you find with few exceptions that their only audience is behind high stone walls.

Serious Kweerious L LL

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Dear Adviser:

Would you suggest I take a vocational course while I am here? Outside I was always interested in polo, surf-board riding, steeple-chase-riding and stunt-flying. Do they have the necessary courses here?

Play-Boy

Dear Sportsman:

I am sure they can accommodate you here — with a difference. They play polo here with picks and rocks, the surf-board riding takes the form of picking your way over mud puddles on the sports field, steeple-chase jumping is hurdling obstacles when Harry the Horse is in pursuit and stunt-flying is known as lid-flipping here. It is a real pleasure to hear from a bona-fide playboy once in a while but take a tip from one who has been plagued by phonies — insist they show you their Cadillacs before you join their Big-Time Operators Mouth-ing Society.

Gay Blade

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In the present state of medical knowledge a pronouncement of the sentence of "incurable" on a patient place a serious responsibility on the physician and implies a greater knowledge than he possesses.

—Dr. Ernest P. Boas



# RADIO RAMBLINGS

by Rick Windsor

THE other night, Monday to be exact, I was tuned in on our number two channel listening to WNEW and loveable old William B. Williams. This D.J. is the greatest. His smooth commercials, and quips of Jesse James are out of this world. He plays the best of music seven nights a week. When I say the best of music, I am, of course, leaving myself open for arguments. But to me, music by Duke Ellington, Nat "King" Cole, "Queen of the Blues" Dinah Washington, the "Al Hibbler" of old, Billie Holliday, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Peggy Lee and many others can never be replaced. On Monday night in particular, he has his two-hour "Blues Program" which I never miss. Well, Monday evening last, a number by Billie Holliday was played and I had just finished reading a small article on a book she has recently put out. It tells of a young singer born out of wedlock—the child of a thirteen year old maid—rose from real tough surroundings to her present-day fame. In many-minds, throughout the world, Billie Holliday is one of the greatest Blues singers of all time. Ranking behind Ma Rainey, and second to Dinah Washington, she has a voice and style of her own. A female Perry Como so to speak. Included on Wm. B. Wm's. Monday night show was Al Hibbler. The Al Hibbler of old is the one I speak of. In his life of total darkness, for Al is blind, comes the quality of music one sends forth from his heart. A vision in his mind is put into music and consequently we have a man, in the person of Al Hibbler who sings from his heart. His latest record (correct me if I'm wrong) "Turn The Lights Way Down Low," we have a song that is not only beautiful but straight from the singer's seeing-eye heart. And the singer renders this masterpiece with soul stirring realism, for he gives us a picture of the last thing he pictured before tragedy struck. Al is a young singer who, though successful, may not be known to too many people, yet he is at last getting the breaks he deserves. Miss Dinah Washington too is another welcome guest here at the 'Bay.' Her rich tones and quality put her in a class by herself. To yours truly, she is the greatest of all singers, both male and female. Since arriving here, I have contributed some sixteen num-

bers, including, "If it's the last thing I do," "Dream," "I Ony Know," "Out in the Cold Again," and others too numerous to mention. This lady can put you at complete ease with her mood music and can pick you up when she hits numbers like, "I Diddie" etc. Terrific, dynamic, mildly sensational, are some of the adjectives that could be used to describe such greats as Peggy Lee, Carmen McCrae, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Count Basie. And according to Wm. B. Wm's, we hope the world listens to the music that cannot be equalled anywhere in the world. Glen Miller, gone forever, will never be replaced, but thanks to bakelite and wax, his genius goes on forever. Guys like Charlie Parker, an all time great, may be gone, but they've left their hearts behind so that others may enjoy the maestro touch. It's good to be able to voice an opinion on men such as these. Musicians! Where could we find them any greater than the above mentioned? Artists in the land of make believe.

To reach a more realistic touch in our Radio Ramblings column, I would like to present Miss Anne Francis of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Miss Francis is a member of the Elizabeth Fry Society and has spoken many times on prisoners and their problems. She recommended the highlights in the Fauteaux Report which dealt with third time remission, the ticket-of-leave act, etc. In the Fauteaux Report, she deals with criminology more than penology and has many ideas on criminals and their sentences. You can tell by her talk on the radio that she has the prisoner's interest at heart, and yet does not coddle them. A great woman beyond all doubt—one who has the admiration and respect of everyone in Canada. From the men here at the 'Bay', we wish to express our sincere appreciation for the wonderful job this woman has done. The work she has undertaken will never be forgotten, now or ever. Miss Francis has left her mark on modern penology and its problems. A difficult task, competently handled by a grand person. Congratulation and Good Luck to Miss Anne Francis!

The fifteen minutes following "News Round-up" is dedicated to political and educational talks which have a large following here. Wednesday evenings is devoted to Mid-week Re-



# Midsummer Night's Dream

by Wye Knotte

"THEY'LL NEVER CONSIDER such a thing," I've been told. But the idea and the possibilities of its becoming a reality don't strike me as being ridiculous or incredible. Wives spending weekends with their prisoner husbands is no new idea. It has been a reality in Mexico for more than two decades, and the Fillipinos have a system whereby the whole family moves in and lives a normal existence in exile with their prisoner father.

Recently, the idea has been suggested in England and is now being canvassed with the support of a London vicar. His contention is that marriage relationship is seriously important to a man's character. Also, sentencing a married man to prison punishes his mate, and could well result in marital cheating.

The Latin American countries have been advocates and supporters of this plan for years. The prisoner's wife is given a special room, well furnished like a comfortable hotel room. The prisoner is escorted to this chamber to begin a normal cozy week that is void of supervision.

Don't misunderstand me — I'm not married! I have nothing to gain personally by suggesting marital relationships for wedded prisoners, nor do I classify myself as a potential Dorothy Dix. The emotional love life of the prisoner is no concern of mine. But the mental therapeutic value of such a plan could be measured by the stability of the individual concerned and also serve as an added incentive to the individual's attempt to straighten himself out.

There would be, naturally enough, many problems to consider if any consideration were

given to such a plan. Scheming on the part of the prisoner would produce difficulties in segregating the married element from the single. It could be expected that every man entering prison would declare himself married and expect to profit from such a venture.

Many inmates suffer mental states of depression that are caused by their inability to converse intimately with their wives, and the effect of prolonged separation — permitting only one visit a month — cultivates a twisted mind and personality.

Another difficulty would be the access of facilities to enable such a plan to materialize. The construction of 'Bridal Suites' at the taxpayers expense would undoubtedly cause the cream of society to bare their well worn fangs of opposition. But if prisoners were allowed to work at productive industrial jobs that could give them a going wage, plus earn his keep, then he could pay the rent for the weekend and make the love nests pay for themselves.

The impact of physical segregation takes more than just freedom away from the individual. To replace the absence of wife and family, the inmate might well become perverted sexually and develop other abnormal traits that become so deeprooted as to bar any possibility of rehabilitation. The mental loneliness that is experienced by prisoners stems from lack of intimate association with immediate families and friends. To replace this mental void, concentration on his own plight or other schemes that are not acceptable to society are the inevitable result.

## RADIO RAMBLINGS

view and Sunday evening presents Weekend Review which keep us well informed as to world events in the political fields. From the migratory history of birds and the sex life of butterflies or a "Letter from Sarajevo" — it doesn't matter what the subject is, it's bound to prove educational and interesting.

Another closely followed set of programs

are those of the "Jackpot" variety. The \$64,000 question has been responsible for amateur quizzes in here, and it's amazing to see the amount of intelligence that can be displayed by some when they are not serious. Of course, "Groucho Marx" (no relation to Karl) is appreciated the most with his biting wit. But no matter the program, Radio is the most closely listened to thing in here.



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# The Young At Heart

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By Bill Jones

MOTHERS-in-law have always been fair game for pot shots by comedians, columnists and commentators, and not infrequently are the barbs deserved. On the other hand, much of the sage advice they offer could well be heeded to the advantage of the son or daughter-in-law, as the case may be. My story, however, concerns a mother-in-law whose sense of humour was equal to every occasion, and in this she was singularly fortunate. Her son-in-law was a professional night club entertainer, as had been her father some fifty years earlier. Needless to say, the battle of wits between these two continued from the first meeting in the morning to the last goodnight.

Some four or five years ago I was asked to spend a couple of weeks with this chap and his wife at their home in Connecticut, and the invitation was promptly accepted. While most working people prefer to get away into the country or northern woods for their annual vacations and rest, rest, rest, I have always preferred a larger city and night life to relax by means of the decided change. It was therefore with the keenest anticipation I entrained one Friday midnight for New York, there to be met in the morning by my friend and his wife — and his mother-in-law. This was my first encounter with this wise-cracking shepherdess, and her greeting left me in some doubt as to my ability to live in the same house with her for two weeks. When my friend introduced us, she grabbed me, kissed me and exclaimed "isn't he the pudgy one!" Hmmm. I was spared further caustic comment by my friend Harry picking up my suitcase and heading for the car with his wife, and calling over his shoulder "I've got your bags, will you bring mine?" I escorted his mother-in-law to the car.

After we had arrived at the house and I had cleaned up a bit, I descended to the front lawn and there found the trio foregathered. Each had a drink in hand and Maudie — for such was the mother-in-law's name — was holding a glass which would easily have accommodated two quarts of liquid. I seated myself and was handed a long, cool Collins. I took three or four long pulls on my drink, all the while watching Maudie belt down mon-

strous swigs from her tankard. The wisecracks were already flying between her and Harry and he finally asked me what I thought of her glass. I replied that it looked interesting but what was in it? Maudie told me it was her favourite drink, a Puss 'N Boots cocktail. I should have known better but said I'd never heard of it and what was it? Maudie shot back that it was an old-time Western concoction — two sips and you fall on your puss and the crowd takes the boots to you! Can you not visualize the nonsense to which I looked forward for two weeks?

During the time I was with these people, Harry the host was playing a well-known New York night spot, and possibly three or four times his wife, Maudie and I drove into the city with him and caught the show. The talent was tops, of course, but you can believe me when I tell you that absolutely nothing I saw or heard at the nightclub, written by professional gagmen and delivered by professional entertainers, excelled the spontaneous, impromptu wit and humour emanating from this very modern-day mother-in-law. Her daughter told me on more than one occasion that as long as she could remember — let us say some thirty years — through good times and bad, her mother had always been the same. She maintained it was handed down to her by her actor father, and Harry added his opinion that it was attributable to her always having mixed with show people. In my opinion it was the result of a much more rare and divine gift — she had remained young at heart. As is the case generally today with most women, in appearance she was very little older than her daughter, but in actual years she was in her early sixties.

For the full two weeks, humorous situations were cropping out at any hour of the day or night, and the most outrageous puns flew back and forth across the breakfast table, dinner table or living room. When Maudie bought a new hat and showed it to Harry, he'd say "Gorgeous Maudie, gorgeous — who shot it?" When Harry would be puzzling over some problem or manner of presenting a joke and ask Maudie's opinion, she'd tell him "you figure it out—you've a good head on your shoulders but lets get to the point!" Not once, how-



ever, was the sarcasm or satire cruel, and a very splendid lesson could be learned by all warring in-laws if a couple of days could be spent in this household. Unfortunately this happy family life cannot be televised for it would prove beyond question that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction.

Practical jokes were many and varied, and two I have reserved to conclude my story. The second one, of course, was staged for my particular benefit but the other was completely unrehearsed. Here is the first one. Harry had stayed overnight in New York and drove home the next day, arriving in time for lunch. His wife, Maudie and I were waiting for him on the front lawn, and as he got out of his car, it was observed that he was carrying a parcel under his arm. When he sat down he said to Maudie "when did you slip into town and have your picture taken?" Maudie looked at him for a moment and answered that she hadn't sat for a picture in twenty years. Harry replied that she was lying and he had caught her cold. He said he had passed a photographer's that day and had seen her picture in the window, and she had been photographed in the same outfit she was then wearing, including the necklace and earrings. Maudie told him he was off his rocker, at which remark he handed her the parcel and said "I thought you would try to lie your way out of it so I bought the picture to prove it." There is no doubt in my mind that Maudie didn't suspect a gag — and I certainly did not. Harry's wife, however, had a knowing smirk on her face. Maudie quickly untied the parcel and sure enough, wrapped in tissue was something resembling a framed picture. She tore away the tissue and looked at herself — in a mirror! Harry, his wife and I guffawed, but Maudie didn't crack a smile for a moment. Then, looking intently at Harry, she said "this

isn't my picture, its some old hag you know downtown."

The second gag, while obviously arranged for my amusement, is good for a laugh, so here it is. Harry had been doing an early show in New York and said he'd be home around midnight. His wife, Maudie and I passed the time and just after twelve o'clock Harry drove up and came into the house. He said he was beat and would take a shower and go right to bed. Maudie told him to have his shower and then come down for a midnight snack and coffee, which she would have ready. Harry then went upstairs and we three went to the kitchen. The coffee was percolating and the food was being laid out when suddenly an uproar was heard from the bathroom. Harry's voice could be heard a mile away and the language was choice. Neither Maudie nor her mother cracked a smile and I was completely in the dark. Suddenly Maudie threw up her hands and screamed: "Oh Lord, I varnished the toilet seat today and forgot to tell him! I'll bet he has sat on it!" As if this weren't funny enough, in a couple of minutes Harry was standing in the doorway with a bath towel draped around his middle, a face like a thunder-cloud, and without doubt, a toilet seat protruding on both sides under the towel. He took one venomous look at Maudie and asked "Have you been doing your little odd jobs around the house again?" Maudie replied yes, and how sorry she was she'd forgotten to warn him. At this, Harry turned around, lowered the towel to half-mast, and exposed his predicament. "Well Smartie" he asked "have you ever seen anything like this before?" Maudie, his wife and I stared for a moment, then very casually Maudie replied: "Well, yes — but not with a frame on it!"

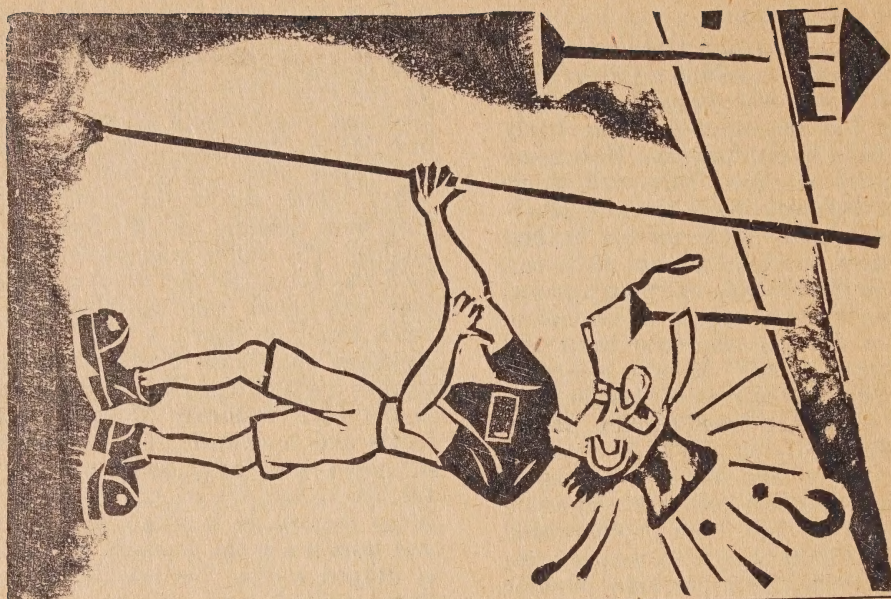
Do you wonder I hated to come home?

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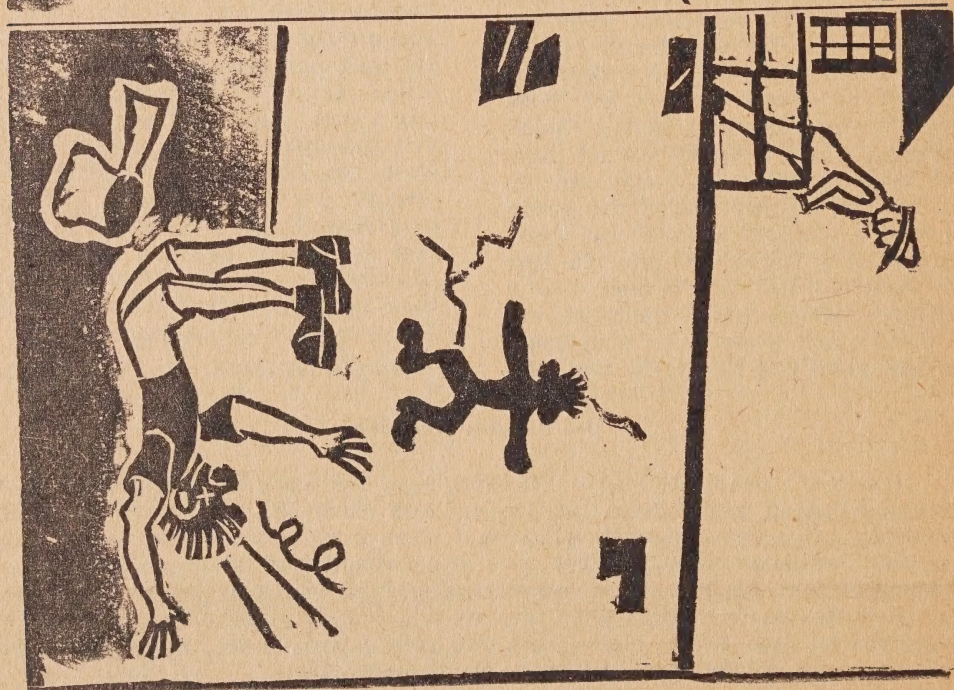
It is now common knowledge that delinquency and crime have their roots in unhappy childhood, which stems from parental and community neglect and misunderstanding. No where is society's obligation so clear or the action it takes so important as when legitimate complaints first come to the attention of the courts and law enforcing agencies. Future delinquent or criminal behaviour may well be determined by what happens to children when they are first picked up and placed in shelter or detention facilities, by the type of care they receive, and by the help given to their parents to prevent the situation from becoming more serious. —R. Royle Eddy

Judge Irving Ben Cooper, chief of New York City's Court of special sessions said: Delinquents who enter court for the first time generally could be made useful citizens under proper probationary guidance. —The New Day





"This is easy, I'll set a new record."



"Oh well, it was a nice try."



## A WORD TO THE WISE

A Civilization is judged by it's prisons.

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### *Collin's Bay Penitentiary Administration*

|   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND.....               | Warden and Senior Officer            |
| DAVID M. McLEAN.....                            | Deputy Warden                        |
| HERBERT FIELD.....                              | Chief Keeper                         |
| FRED SMITH.....                                 | Principal Keeper                     |
| WILLIAM DOWNTON.....                            | Chief Vocational Officer             |
| EDWARD OGILVIE.....                             | Chief Trade Instructor               |
| HAYDN MINTON.....                               | Chief Accountant                     |
| HAAKON HAMNES.....                              | Chief Engineer                       |
| FREDERICK HARRIS.....                           | Warden's Secretary                   |
| CHRISTOPHER MacLEOD.....                        | Chief Steward                        |
| HOWARD PUTNAM .....                             | Storekeeper                          |
| CLARENCE HOGEBOOM.....                          | Supervisor, School and Library Dept. |
| FELIX McALLISTER.....                           | Schoolteacher                        |
| HARRY MALBUT .....                              | Deputy Warden's Secretary            |
| JAMES DONALDSON.....                            | Censor                               |
| JAMES EDMUNDS .....                             | Physical Training Instructor         |
| REVEREND CANON MINTO SWAN, M.A., B.D., E.D..... | Protestant Chaplain                  |
| REVEREND FELIX M. DEVINE, S.J.....              | Roman Catholic Chaplain              |

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### NOTABLE NOTATION

Every man is the maker of his own fortune.      Anon.



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**SUPPORT THE  
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INSTITUTE  
FOR THE  
BLIND**

*I walk in a land of roses,  
But I dream of a land of snow  
Where you and I were happy,  
In the days of long ago.  
'Tis a tale that is older, and wiser,  
Than any the sagas tell.  
I loved you in life too little,  
I love you in death too well.*

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